

DEADLINE

DEADLINE
U.S.A.
DEADLINE

DARK HORSE
COMICS

NUMBER 1
\$9.95 U.S.
\$11.95 CANADA

JOHNNY NEMO

HO CHE ANDERSON
SHAKY KANE
RICHARD SALA

WIRED WORLD
YOUNG KAFKA
ATOMIC BABY

ALEC STEVENS
JULIE HOLLINGS
D. ISRAELI

BOX CITY
HOT TRIGGERS
SYD SERENE

TANK
GIRL

SPECIAL MUSIC FEATURE
WITNESS

EWARR

PUNY HUMANS!





DEADLINE



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LOUIS CAHILL

MALCOLM S

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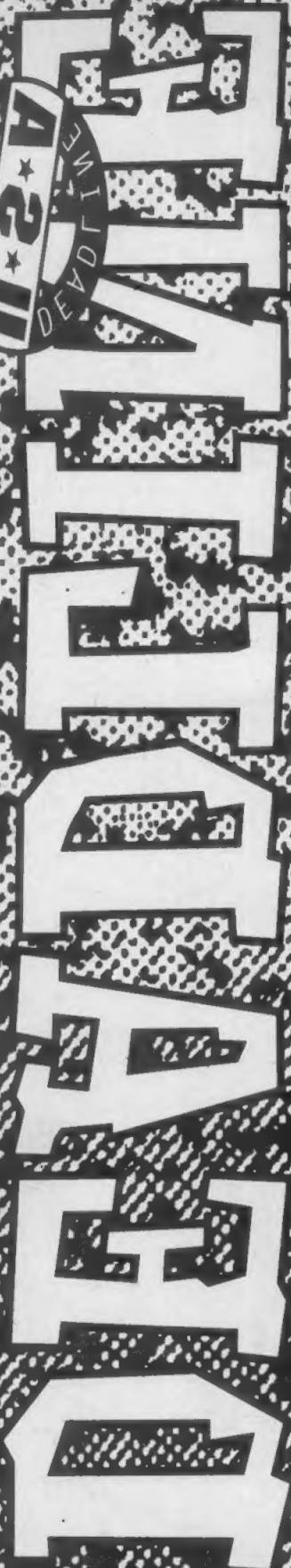
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LOST IN A LABYRINTH THAT IS BELL'S
END, TANK GIRL CLUNG TO THE
WALL IN A VAIN SYMBOLIC
ATTEMPT TO CLING TO REALITY..

THEN IT DAWNED UPON HER THAT
THIS WAS HER REALITY.... AS
SHE KNEW, REALITY CHANGES
FROM DAY TO DAY, FROM SECOND
TO SECOND, FROM MOMENT TO
MOMENT....

... AND THERE IS NO REAL SECURITY,
NO CUDDLY TOY CAN SAVE HER NOW,
NOR GUNS, NOR BEER.... HER
REALITY HAD BECOME CHAOS... AND
HER WORST NIGHTMARE HAD COME
TRUE

OH
SHIT!

THIS CAN'T
REALLY BE
BELL'S END!
THIS MUST
BE SOME
STRANGE
KIND OF
PSYCHEDELIC
DREAM!..

OH NO..
NO.....

SOB!

TANK GIRL★

IN
I'VE GOT FRIENDS
BELL'S END.

NO!

BELL'S END..... A
GOVERNMENT
INSTITUTION FOR
REPROGRAMMING
SOCIAL MISFITS, A
PLACE RENOWNED
FOR ITS DIVERSE AND
PERVERSE TECHNI-
QUES USED FOR
BRINGING PEOPLE
BACK TO NORMALITY.

THESE DAYS, BELL'S
END IS USED
MAINLY FOR
CONDITIONING
THE HUNDREDS
OF MILITARY
RENEGADES

TODAY THE WARDENS
HAVE WHEELED IN A
PRIZE CATCH..
AND THE AUSTRALIAN
ARMY HAVE
REPOSSESSED
ONE OF THEIR
MOST EXPENSIVE
STATE-OF-THE-
ART TANKS

SOB! SOB! SOB! SOB!

OH DEAR! FANCY
BIG EARS CRYING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
I FEEL RATHER
LIKE CRYING
MYSELF NOW...*

OB! ... UH?!
WHO THE
FUCK ARE
YOU?..

HELLO BIG EARS!
MY NAME'S NODDY,
NODDY OLDER.
I'M HERE TO HELP
YOU! I'LL TAKE YOU
TO TOY-CAT
TOWN.

I'LL PUT
YOUR BICYCLE
AT THE BACK
OF THE CAR,
AND WE'LL
DRIVE OFF
TOGETHER.

* QUOTATION> FROM 'YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND NODDY!' PUBLISHED BY PURNELL.



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IS THIS SOME STUPID PLOT TO TRY AND TAKE ME BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD..?

NOT A BIT, IT'S LOVELY TO HAVE FRIENDS WHEN THINGS GO WRONG ISN'T IT, BIG EARS?

PISS OFF NODDY!

OH, BIG EARS YOU DO SAY NICE THINGS! SPEAKING OF NICE THINGS, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO ROOM 23, SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE HAVING A PARTY!

HELLO? HELLO? ...

HEY DEOPER, TAKE OUT THE TRASH!

HONK THE HORN, RING THE BELL!

FRIENDS? PARTY?

RUBHA!

ALL THE SOUR GRAPES DON'T GET NOSEY, OR ELSE!

OR ELSE WHAT?

OR ELSE YOU'LL NOSE OUR SECRET CODE.

BOING!

IT'S CHARLIE WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE SOUR GRAPES!

SHOOOB!

THEIR TOUGHEST GUY WANTS TO MEET OUR TOUGHEST GUY IN THE ALLEY RIGHT NOW!

ZOINK!

HONK THE HORN, RING THE BELL!

I'VE NEVER MET A BANANA I DIDN'T LIKE!

FUCK AROUND BULLSHIT NO WAY!...

SUB GIRL...JET GIRL?

VRROOM! VRROOM!

RUBHA!

SAY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

IT'S THIRTEEN O'CLOCK.

BUT THAT'S SILLY!

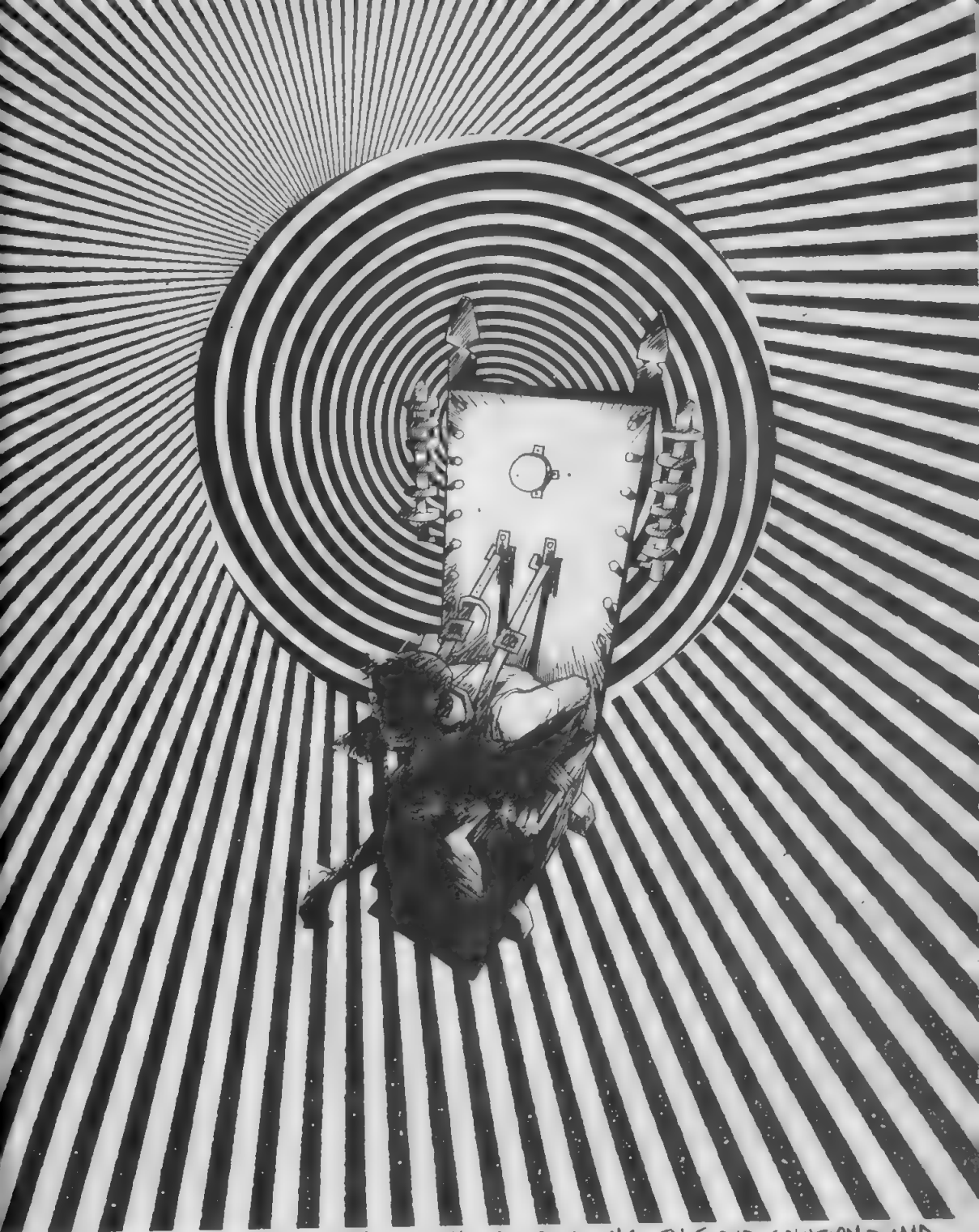
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A CUCKOO CLOCK!

ZOINK!

WELCOME TO ROOM 23, A NIGHTMARE TO PEOPLE OBSERVING FROM THE OUTSIDE, HEAVEN TO THOSE ON THE INSIDE. REDUCED TO A STATE OF CHILDISH EUPHORIA BY MIND ALTERING DRUGS, JET GIRL AND SUBGIRL GO THROUGH AN INTENSE COURSE DESIGNED TO INSTILL AN INHUMAN NEED FOR SYMMETRY AND ROUTINE







TELL US YOUR PROBLEMS AND WE'LL GIVE YOU THE SOLUTIONS, TAKE OUR SOLUTIONS AND WE'LL GIVE YOU MORE PROBLEMS. WHAT MORE CAN YOU DO WITH LEMONADE IN YOUR BLOOD, WITH LEMONADE IN YOUR BRAIN? TURQUOISE, BLUE, SKY BLUE, EMERALD GREEN, RED, RED, RED AND CLEAR, THE COOL CLEAR VISION THROUGH LEMONADE. I UNDERSTAND ALL. NO BLOOD ANYMORE, ONLY LEMONADE. CHOKER ON IT BITCH. GIVE US YOUR BLOOD AND WE'LL GIVE YOU LEMONADE. JOIN US. JOIN OUR MERRY MERRY GO ROUND. THERE'S A VERY COOL CLEAR VISION THROUGH A GLASS OF LEMONADE. CHOKER ON IT BITCH! ...



TANK GIRL?

TANK GIRL?

WHERE ARE YOU?

OH!... THERE YOU ARE!...

I'VE MADE YOU A NICE HOT CUP OF TEA!!!

JH. NO THANKS BOOGA! I'M THINKING

LEAVE ME ALONE.. PLEASE

TWO DAYS LATER!!!

AND NOW OUR SPECIAL REPORT ON THE RECENT DISTURBANCE AT BELL'S END HOSPITAL. THE BREAK IN THAT OCCURED AT TWO O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT HAS AROUSED GOVERNMENT INTEREST IN THE RUNNING OF THE INSTITUTION AND THE NEWLY DUBBED 'ARCHAIC' METHODS PRACTISED ON ITS PREMISES... HOWEVER, THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE SEVEN ESCAPED MILITARY RENAGADES IS UNKNOWN...

SOMEWHERE ELSE!!!



POLICE ARE WORRIED FOR THEIR SAFETY AS THEY WERE ONLY HALF WAY THROUGH THEIR TREATMENT AT THE TIME OF ESCAPE..... IT'S RUMOURED THAT THE OUTLAW KNOWN AS 'TANK GIRL' WAS SPOTTED NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN ALERTED AND A CRACK TEAM OF ARMY SUPER SPIES HAVE ALREADY STARTED THE SEARCH FOR THE SEVEN ESCAPEES.

..... NOW OVERTO WINCY FOR A LOOK AT HER TITS... I'M SORRY, DID I SAY TITS? I MENT TO SAY FOR A LOOK AT THE WEATHER.

OK GOONS!.. LET'S TAKE TASMANIA!

YUP!



THE END!
(NEXT)

FORCE TEN TO RINGAROOMA BAY...

I was a SEX SLAVE Secretary

© JULIE HOLLINGS

STARRING BERYL THE BITCH!



ONE EVENING MANAGING DIRECTOR CLEO CURT FOUND ONE OF THE COMPANY SECRETARIES, BEN, IN TEARS...

NOW, MY DEAR, WHAT'S ALL THIS?

Sniffle... slurp... gulp...
WELL, IT'S MY BOSS - BERYL!

SHE WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE...

HIYA BEN!!

SCRUNCH!

IT'S AWFUL...

THAT'S A VERY BECOMING SHIRT YOU'RE WEARING MY DEAR....!

I GET SO ANNOYED...

MORNING BEN!

SO EMBARRASSED...

WHY NOT SIT ON MY KNEE TO TAKE THAT LETTER?!

AND SO HUMILIATED!

THERE'S THE MONEY

JUST BUY HIM SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE YOURSELF!



SHAKY KANE

THE **Incredible** WORLD OF NATURE no 1

EDUCATIONAL! AMAZING!



TUNA 'FISH' ARE NOT FISH AT ALL! THEY ARE IN FACT GROWTHS REMOVED FROM WHALE'S BRAINS BY SKILLED MARINE SURGEONS!

BEYOND BELIEF!

SAUCE

"I PROMISE YOU GREAT FAME."

"EYE-BYE GOOD."

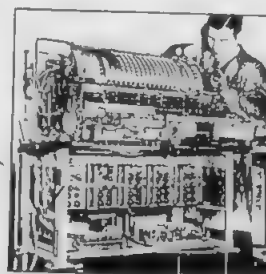


ALIEN REAGAN!
BULLET DODGING B MOVIE STAR RONALD REAGAN CLAIMS HE WAS ONCE VISITED BY THE OCCUPANT OF A FLYING SAUCER WHO PROMISED HIM GREAT FAME! HE HAS SINCE APPEARED IN THE EVER POPULAR EYE OF DESTRUCTION!

BEYOND BELIEF!



BATS IN HIS BELFRY!
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MORPHINE HOLLYWOOD WEIRDO BELA LUGOSI BELIEVED HIMSELF TO BE COUNT DRACULA!



A Computer

YOU ARE A MORMON!

— If you're not now, you'll be one pretty soon! Those Salt Lake City weirdos, the same folk that launched the Osmonds into a world too stupid to resist, have fed the names of everyone on the Planet into a super computer. Even as you read this, they're working through the list baptising us all into the Mormon faith!

So come on down! You are a Mormon!

KILLEROO!



SHAKY KANE

Australian experts have unearthed the remains of a carnivorous kangaroo! The skull of the Killeroo, named Ekaltadeta by Oxy boffins is over 20 million years old

Standing over fifteen foot tall and armed with serrated molars, the Killeroo was definitely not the kind of roo you'd invite to your Barby!

RAPID BUG EYED MOVEMENT



Sleep deprivation can have mind-blowing effects! Marathon wide-awake boy, Peter Tripp, attempting 200 sleepless hours, ran screaming into the streets crawling with imaginary insects, while being chased by an 'undertaker' in a suit of worms!

Pass the pro-plus Peter!

DOE

CHAPTER 1

IT'S
4:03--IN THE
MORNING

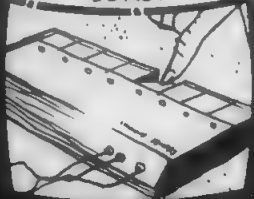
WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING
AWAKE AT THIS
HOUR?



by
HO CHE ANDERSON

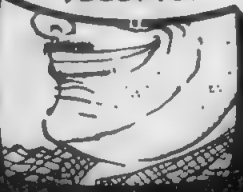
I'M
CONSUMED BY GUILT,
BIFF... I CHEATED ON
MY HUSBAND AND I KNOW
I'LL DO IT AGAIN.
OFTEN....

...I BERT
MY KIDS AND I ENJOY IT,
EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I'M
DAMNING MYSELF IN THE
EYES OF THE
LORD.



I'M A
SINNER, BIFF, A
FORNICATOR!

MY GUILT
HAS PREVENTED SLEEP
FROM ENTERING MY
BODY, AND I'VE CALLED
YOU AT THIS HOUR SO
THAT YOU, THROUGH
THE LORD MAY GIVE UNTO
ME THE ABUSE I
SO RICHLY
DESERVE.



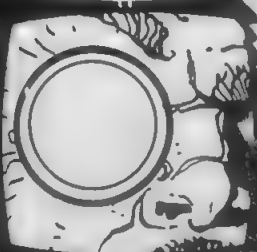
YEAH,
NOW LADY, THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!

BEFORE
WE BEGIN, I'D LIKE
TO SAY I COMMEND YOU,
I APPLAUD YOU FOR
CALLING SINNER'S HOT-
LINE AND TELLING OUR
VIEWERS WHAT A LOWLY
SINNER YOU
ARE.



JEER....

YOU
LOOKED INTO THE FACE
OF LUCIFER, AND WHEN
YOU SAW YOUR OWN FACE
YOU DIDN'T FLINCH, YOU
COT RIGHT ON THE HORN
AND TOLD THE ONLY MAN
WHO COULD HELP YOU.
ME. THE VOICE OF
GOD. BIFF.

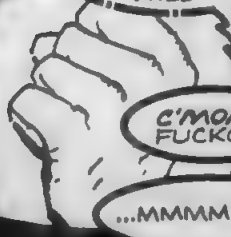


AND MAY
GOD DAWN YOU FOR
YOUR LACK OF FAITH,
AND YOUR DIVIDED
LOYALTY, YOU RUNNING
NOSE OF SNOT, YOU
SKUM MERINGUE. YOUR
HUSBAND AND CHILDREN
LOVE YOU--THEY
DEPEND ON YOU AND
YOU'VE LET
BOTH DOWN.



THE
LORD HATES YOU
WOMAN, AND
I HATE
YOU.

NOT
UNTIL YOU
LEARN THE MEAN-
ING OF THE
WORDS PURITY
AND LOYALTY
WILL--



C'MON...
FUCKO...

...MMMMM?...



--HELL'S...
REALLY NOT
THAT BAD A
PLACE FROM
WHAT I
HEAR--

...COOKIE?
IT'S AFTER FOUR...
WHAT ARE YOU
STILL DOING
UP?

CAN'T
YOU
SLEEP?

NAAAH...
COULDN'T SLEEP...
JUST WATCHING THIS
BIBLE THUMPING
SHITHEEL.

YEAH,
"BIFF"... I'M
A FUCKING
IDIOT.
SURE....

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW
IS WHERE THIS DUDE
GETS OFF JUDGING LIKE
HE'S FUCKING GOD OR
SOMETHING.
WOMAN'S GOT PROBLEM
...THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL
OVER....



...WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
I JUST DOZED
OFF, AF--

AW,
I'M SORRY,
I COULDN'T
SLEEP.

BODY'S
TIRED, BUT
MY BRAIN KEEPS
RIGHT ON GOING,
'CAUSE I GOT TOO
MUCH SHIT ON MY
MIND.

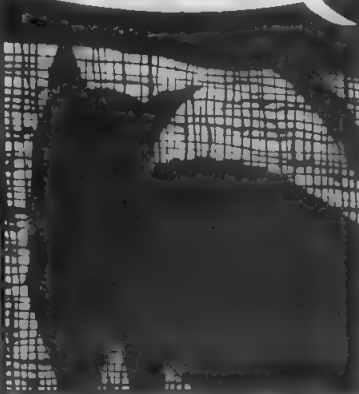


YEAH, I COULD TELL. I
HAVE TO BE HONEST,
COOKIE, YOU WERE LAME
TONIGHT... LAME...

I MEAN, YOU'RE
USUALLY--LIKE REAL
GOOD... OR GREAT
EVEN, BUT--



GIVE ME A BREAK WOMAN.
I CAN'T BE GREAT EVERY
DAY OF THE WEEK. I GET
TIRED JUST LIKE LESSER
BEINGS....
...YOU COULD GO A LONG
WAY TOWARDS MAKING
ME FEEL A LITTLE BIT
BETTER IF YOU'D JUST...
YOU KNOW--



I'M REALLY TIRED SO
I'D APPRECIATE IT IF
YOU'D JUST SHUT UP
WITH THAT STUFF FOR
TONIGHT. YOU KNOW?
DON'T EVEN START.
COOKIE, DON'T GIVE ME
THAT FACE. SUCH A
LITTLE BOY... I'D LIKE
TO GO BUT I HAVE
MY OWN
RESPONSIBILITIES.

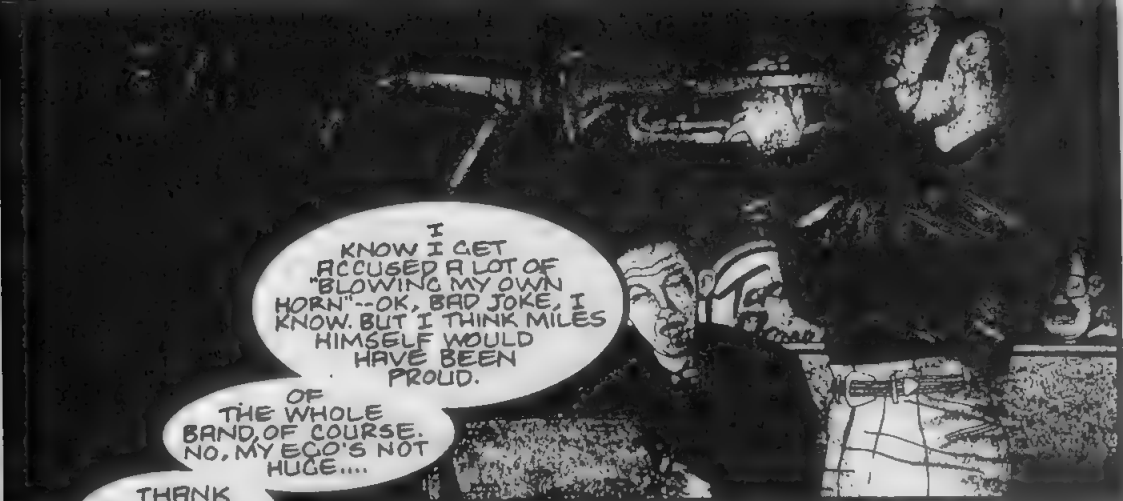
--YOU
SUCK, YOU ALL
SUCK, GOD
SAID--



I GOT THE TATTOO SHOP
AND ALL THAT. GOT THIS
NEW JOB ON THIS BIG
FAT GUYS BELLY. BIG AS
A HOUSE.

IT'LL TAKE A MONTH
MINIMUM, AND AFTER
THAT WE CAN PROBABLY
RETIRE.





I KNOW I GET ACCUSED A LOT OF "BLOWING MY OWN HORN"--OK, BAD JOKE, I KNOW. BUT I THINK MILES HIMSELF WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD.

OF THE WHOLE BAND, OF COURSE. NO, MY ECO'S NOT HUGE....

THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING. GOD BLESS.



I CAN DENY ANYTHING I PUT MY MIND TO DE--

--NO, YOU CAN'T DENY IT. VEX--YOU CAN'T DENY IT, MAN--

YOU SEE THE WAY SHE WAS LOOKING AT ME? SHE PULLED HER SHIRT UP AT ME, I'M TELLING YOU.

DANNY, TALK TO THIS BOY--



I GOT TO BE HONEST, BROTHER, I DIDN'T SEE SHIT--

HAW!

OH, MAN--

WE FUCKING KICKED TO-NIGHT, MAN, WE--WE-- LIKE, WE KICKED THE FUCKING HOUSE, DOWN

YEAH, WE KICKED ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T DRIVE TOO FAR UP YOUR ASS JUST YET.

WE HAVE TO PLAY LIKE THIS-- BETTER, IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS--



DANNY, YOU CAN'T DENY WE ARE ONE OF THE BEST QUARTETS IN T.O. YOU CAN'T DE--

NO, I WOULDN'T...MY ECO'S TOO BIG FOR THAT.

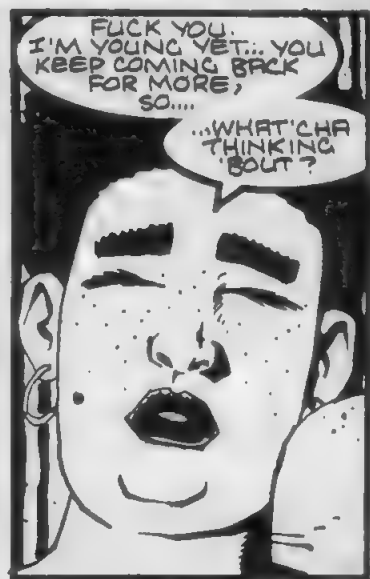
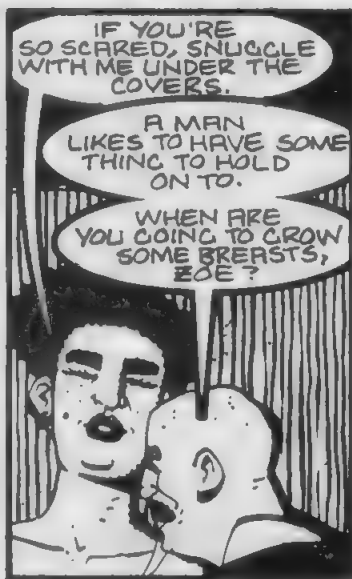
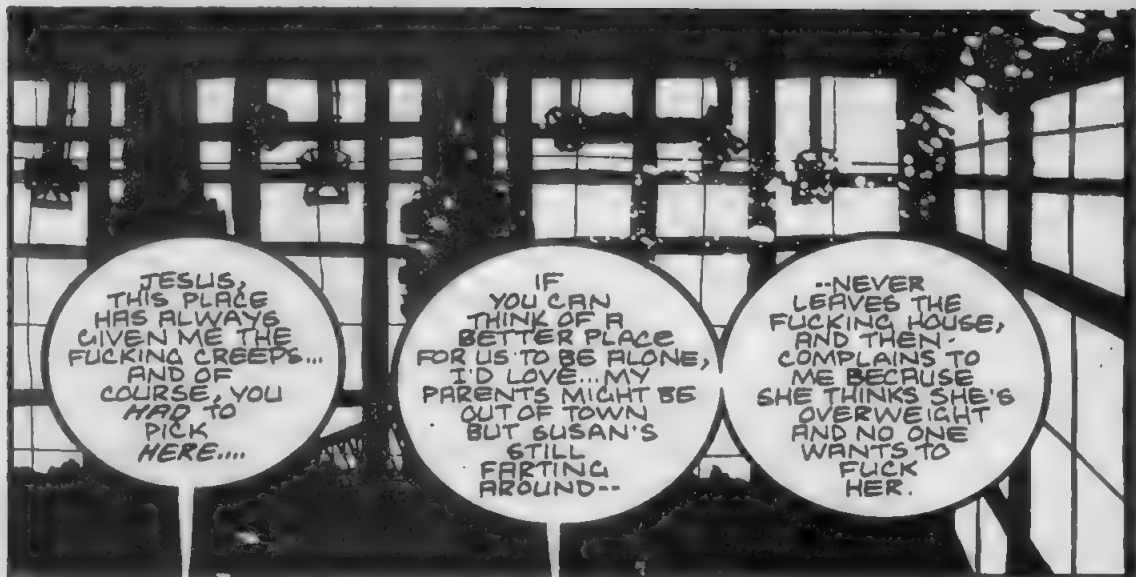
JUST DON'T GET TOO COCKY JUST YET IS ALL I'M SAYING....



UM, LOOK GUYS, I HAVE TO GET GOING. OLD LADY'S, Y'KNOW, WAITING FOR ME, AND...



HEY, BOY, WAIT. TERROR'S RIGHT... AFTER TONIGHT AND IN THE FACE OF WHAT WE HAVE COMING UP, YOU CAN'T DENY THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG. SOLELY.



I CAN'T DECIDE...I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS A LOT LATELY. BUT I JUST CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND.

AM I HERE BECAUSE I LOVE THIS, OR DO I JUST FEEL SORRY FOR SOMEONE?

IT'S ONE LITTLE THING, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO... CAN'T DECIDE....

YEAH WELL, FUCK YOU ALL FOR SHOWING, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

DRIVE SAFELY.

MAN, AM I SORRY TO SEE THIS NIGHT END. I AM, BOY, I AM.

WHEN-- I CHALLENGE ANYONE TO TELL ME THE LAST TIME WE HAD A NIGHT THIS GOOD. I MEAN IT WAS LI--

WHICH IS ALMOST TO CAPACITY FILLI--

HOWARD, THERE WERE TWENTY PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE.

HOWARD, THE FUCKING BAR CAN HOLD ALMOST 160 PEOPLE, MOST OF THEM YOUR SIZE!

HEY, CALM DOWN, BUCKO. WE KICKED ASS TONIGHT, ACCEPT IT.

FAITH, YOU... WERE IN RARE FORM AS ALWAYS.

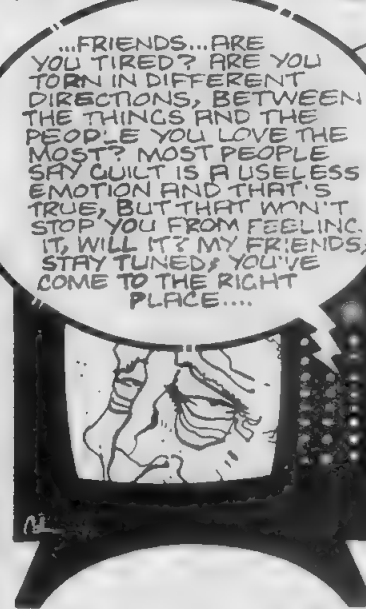
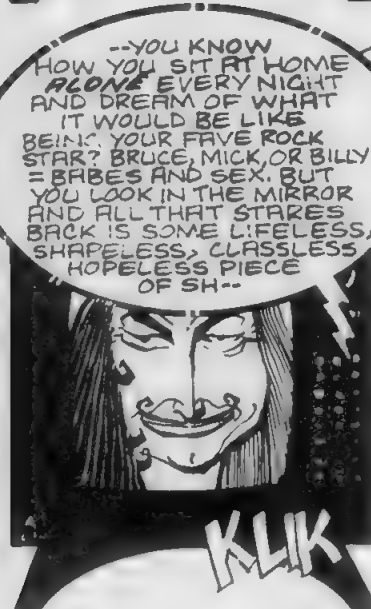
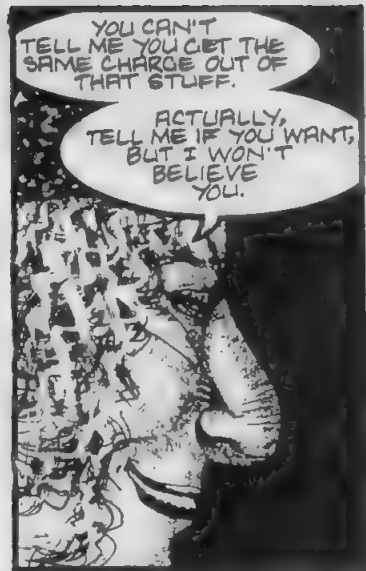
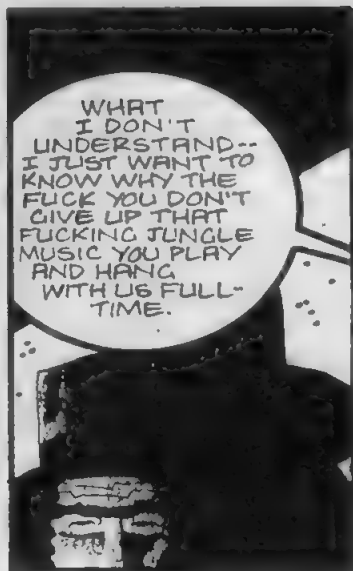
I WAS AMAZING LIKE ALWAYS, BACKING UP YOU FUCKING SLOBS.

WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS UP, RIGHT? IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT WITH THESE SHOWS COMING UP, SO TOMORROW, LET'S AIM TO ATTRACT 25 PEOPLE--

JESUSFUCK, Y'ALL IS PATHETIC AND I'M LEAVING BEFORE I GET DRAGGED DOWN TO YOUR LEVEL--

HO-HOLD ON A SECOND, BUD. DON'T BE IN SUCH A RUSH TO LEAVE ALL THE TIME.

NOW, SUSAN WAS RIGHT, 'CAUSE WE WERE RIGHTEOUS TONIGHT AND YOU HAVE TO ADMIT IT.

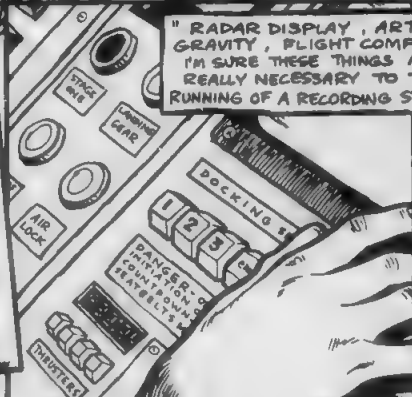
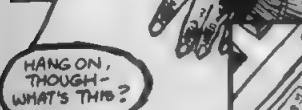
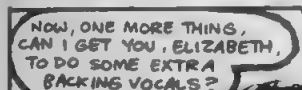




WIRED WORLD

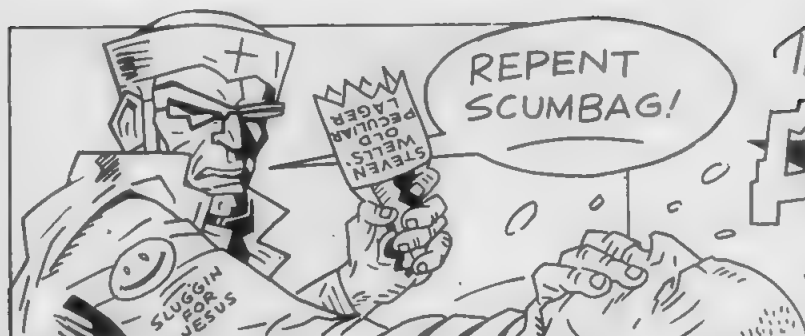












The LEGEND of the **AMEN**

WHO ARE THEY?
WHAT ARE THEY?

MANCHESTER, LISTEN IN ON THE DEATH OF A LEGEND!!!

COUGH! THE BIG 'A' GOT ME!!! I GOT THE VIRUS!!! I'M AN OLD MAN BUT I'M NO FOOL!!! YOU UNDERSTAND!!! GOD SPOKE TO ME LAST NIGHT!!! SAID I'D BEEN A GOOD COP!!! I SPREAD THE WORD!!! SPREAD THE GOOD WORD!!



MANCHESTER MORTUARY
LATER THAT NIGHT!!!





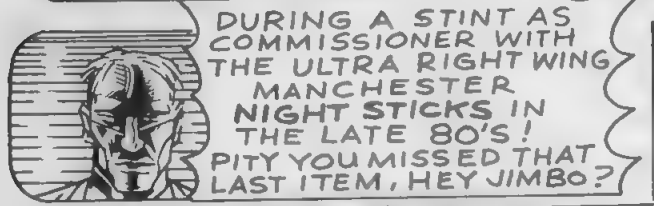


SHOULD GIVE
THE
JESUS FREAKS
SOMETHING
TO CELEBRATE!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK JACK?



BIG T.V GOD-SPOT
PRESENTER AND MEDIA
CELEB JIM ANDERSON
DIED LATE
LAST NIGHT!

JIM EARNED
THE NAME
'GODS COP' WITH
HIS REACTIONARY
VIEWS ON
DEVIANT
BEHAVIOURAL
PATTERNS!!!



DURING A STINT AS
COMMISSIONER WITH
THE ULTRA RIGHT WING
MANCHESTER
NIGHT STICKS IN
THE LATE 80'S!
PITY YOU MISSED THAT
LAST ITEM, HEY JIMBO?



"PROMISE ME
MY WORK
WON'T DIE
WITH ME!"



AULD
ACEED
HOOSE
SCOTCH
WHISKEY



"PROMISE YOU'LL
CARRY ON
FOR ME, WHEN
I'M GONE!!"

I PROMISE,
JIM!!!
I PROMISE

CONT -

EYES ARE WATCHING FROM A HIDDEN ROOM... AN UNKNOWN KILLER IS PROWLING THE NIGHT... AN EVIL CHUCKLE ECHOES DOWN A SHADOWY CORRIDOR... IN THE TOWER THE BELL IS RINGING IT'S

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK

~ CHAPTER ONE ~

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DR. MORDICUS IS WORKING LATE, EXAMINING PECULIAR PATTERNS SCRAWLED ON A STAINED PIECE OF PARCHMENT.

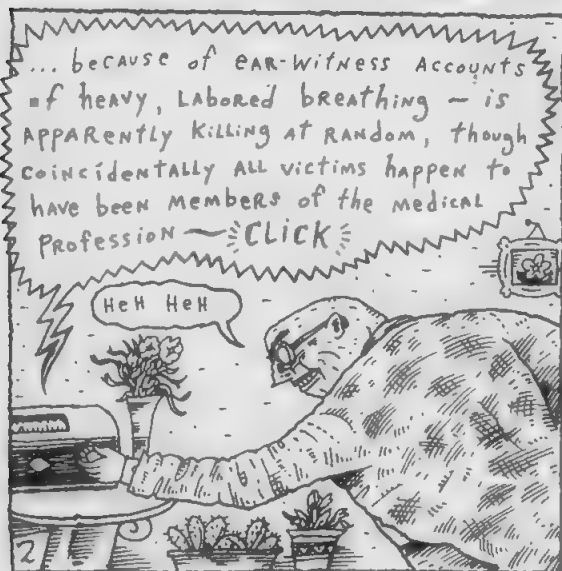


Suddenly, in the window: A Visitor.



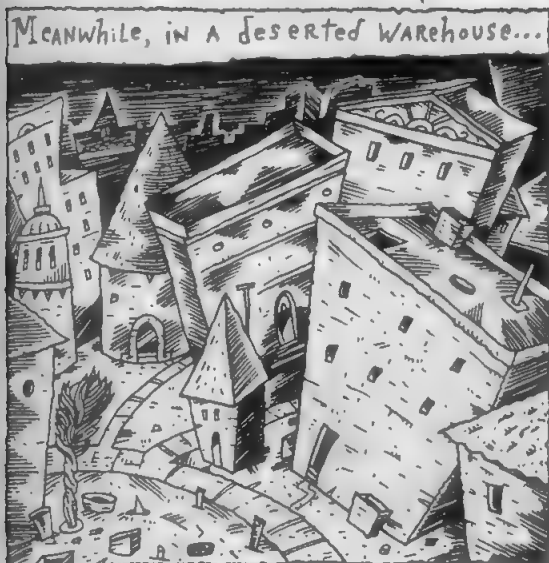
Unobserved, ALMA, the Doctor's Assistant, is eavesdropping...











Hmm... Once again, the city is held in the grip of dread -

And once again, Mr. MURMUR has been SUMMONED.



Slinking out into the night, MR. MURMUR disappears into the shadows.



Meanwhile ~ ACROSS TOWN, A WEIRD Meeting is taking place...

Ah - you ALL received the signal AND decided to come -

How Nice.



Heh... Heh... Esteemed members of the medical profession:: AN ORTHODONTIST, A RADIOLOGIST, A CRANIAL SPECIALIST...



... A psychiatrist, AS WELL AS A decidedly disreputable PLASTIC SURGEON. EACH of you is WORKING ON A piece of the puzzle...



And each of you will CONTINUE to help me ~ OR you will meet the same fate AS your recently deceased COLLEAGUES ~ ALL very conveniently done in... By that MANIAC ~ The WHEELER!



TO BE CONTINUED...

-WITH SAY, A FRONTAL SHOT OF ME SITTING ON THIS
BENCH, WITH THE GREENBERRY AND TOWN HALL BEHIND.
THAT'S HOW I VIEW MY LIFE, YOU SEE, SHOT AND
EDITED LIKE A FILM

SO YOU SEE I'M NOT SITTING ON A PARK BENCH
TALKING TO MYSELF, BUT SETTING OUT A SPECTACLE
TO BE ENJOYED BY AN UNKNOWN READER-YOURSELF-
AT A LATER DATE. OK? GOOD

IN THAT CASE, I'D BETTER MAKE
A LITTLE DECLARATION.

WARNING: THIS STRIP CONTAINS AN EQUAL MIXTURE OF
REALITY AND FANTASY. IF YOU REALLY CAN'T TELL ONE
FROM THE OTHER, PLEASE CONSULT A PSYCHIATRIST.

ROLL CREDIT:

PEOPLED BY SPECTERS
FROM THE WAKING DREAM.

DIALOGUE

HERE COMES A FIGMENT OF
MY IMAGINATION. HE'S CALLED
MARK S. D'SADIE.

ΥΡ. ΠΗΥΛΟ!

YO, EGG-NOG!

SG MAG?

IT'S WHAT THE
"E" STANDS FOR

FIRST PERSON NARRATION ENDS
HERE →

BAC ATTITUDE!!

6

RIGHT HOW'S TRICKS?

WELL, I'M LOVELY, COURAGEOUS, ISOLATED, DEPRESSSED, MISUNDERSTOOD AND GENERALLY SUFFERING FROM A THUNDERING ATTACK OF WELTECHNIEZ

THE USUAL, THEN.

YES!

YOU'RE A NEUROTIC BUGGER, AREN'T YOU, TIMULDO?

FISH, WHAT'S THAT AWFUL RACKET?

HIM

FEELS LIKE CHINA

OH, ONE OF THOSE FRIGATE.

THIS IS ABOMINABLE! I CAN HEAR THIS ON THE ULTRASONIC LEVELS TOO. TELL THEM TO SWITCH IT OFF, TIMULDO

I CAN'T

OH COME ON

CAN'T

LOETE WYSE

RIGHT THEN

'OH DAH! WHAT'S DAH DONE DAH FOWER?

CAN I HAVE THAT IN ENGLISH PLEASE?

OH FISHIES, TIME FOR A SPOT OF VIOLENT RETRIBUTION I SUSPECT.

FISHFAST

'CKIN! 'ECK!!!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE SUBTLE CUT-AND-THROST OF VERBAL FENCING? TIS NOTHING BUT CATHARSIS THESE DAYS

OOHE NOOOME!

AAAAAA

WISH

CHINA

NB: THE AUTHORS WOULD LIKE TO STATE THAT, DESPITE APPEARANCES, THEY DO BELIEVE THAT THOSE WHO PLAY GHETTO BLASTERS SHOULD BE KILLED.

11

As

FOR YOU? HA?! WHAT
ABOUT ME??

FOR YOU? HA?! WHAT ABOUT ME??

LOOK TIMALO, I MAY BE YOUR
PARTICULAR POWER FANTASY,
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I
ENJOY BEING IN YOUR STUPID,
CLICHÉD DAYDREAMS

GO FORTH AND MULTIPLY

I'D BETTER ACTUALLY
EDGAR'S COMING AND
I WANT TO KEEP OUT
OF HIS WAY.

YOU SEE, I CHEATED
HIM RECENTLY

HI EDGAR
HOW'RE YOU
DOING?

NEVER BETTER,
TIMULO I'M JUST
IN TOWN TO MAKE
A COLLECTION

NO FRIEND OF
MINE, I HOPE.

WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE TO KNOW

Great sense of
humour, Edgar.

© VERY POPULAR AT FARMERS'

↑ **WINDY, FREEZING AND**

ICK-LE MICE-AND
EUN-NY WAB-BITS
PUBLIC LIBRARY

PUBLIC LIBRARY

HAVE-SOME STRANGE-AND
KIN-KY HAB-ITS

WHISTLING IN THE DARK



BUILT THAT'S NO-THING COM-PARED TOOO...

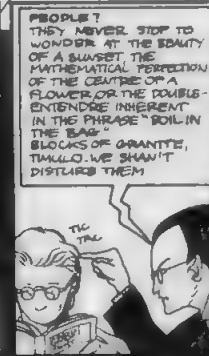


THINGS THA-AT GAR-DEN GAMES WILL DO.



JALMED DOWN, TIMULO?

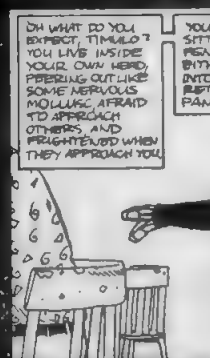
Shhh! People are crying to work!



PROBLY? THIS NEVER STOP TO WONDER AT THE BEAUTY OF A SUNSET, THE MATHEMATICAL PERFECTION OF A FLOWER, OR THE DOUBLS-EXTENSIVE INHERENT IN THE PHRASE "BOIL IN THE BAG" BLOCAS OF GRANITE, TIMULO, WE SHAN'T DISTURB THEM



AMH YES THERE'S THE RUB, MY INSTINCTS TELL ME TO JOIN THE CROWD, BUT I CAN FIND NO PLEASURE IN THE COMPANY OF MY FELLOW MEN BAH! PEOPLE! METHINKS I'LL APPLY FOR A CHANGE OF SPECIES!

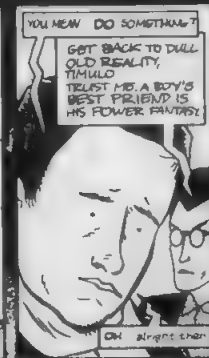


OH WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, TIMULO? YOU LIVE INSIDE YOUR OWN HEAD, PEERING OUT LIKE SOME NERVOUS MOLLUSC, AFRAID TO APPROACH OTHERS AND FRIGHTENED WHEN THEY APPROACH YOU

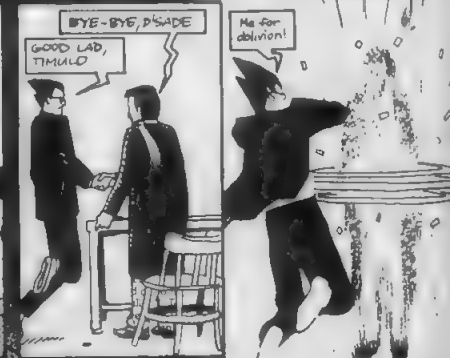


YOU'VE BEEN SITTING ON THE FENCE TOO LONG, BITHERS, ADVANCE INTO REALITY OR RETREAT INTO FANTASY.

BITE THE BULLET. GRASP THE NETTLE. CHEW THE BUCKLEHORN.

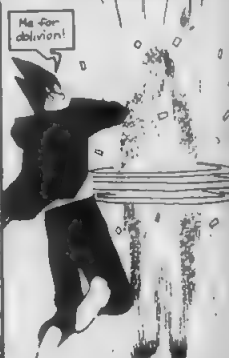


YOU MEAN DO SOMETHING? GOT BACK TO DULL OLD REALITY, TIMULO. TRUST ME, A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS FLOWER FANTASY!



BYE-BYE, PSADE

GOOD LAD, TIMULO



Me for delivion!



COR!

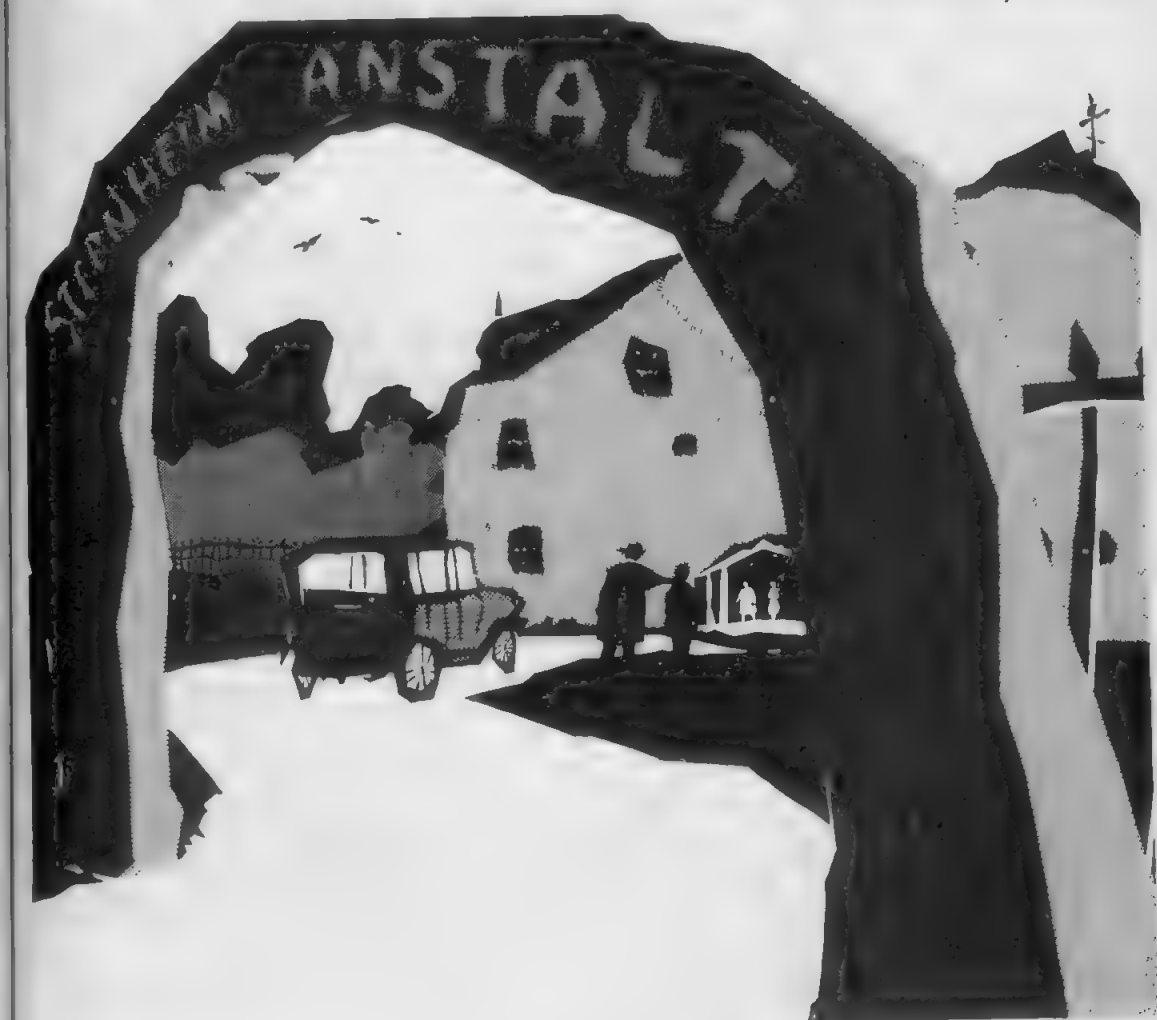
IS THERE A REALIST IN THE HOUSE?

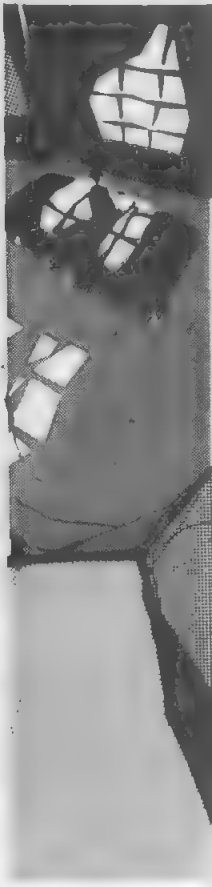
DEND

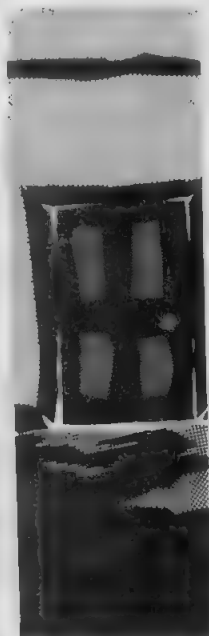
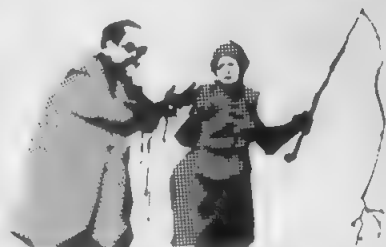
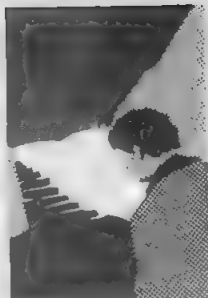
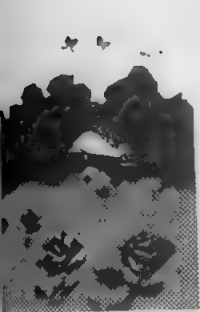
KIMOTA!

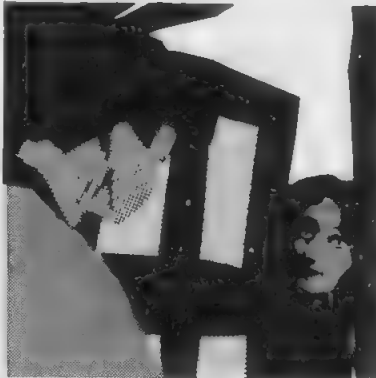
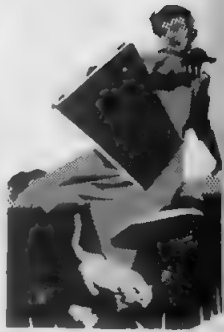
SILENCE

ALEC
STEVENS
19 91







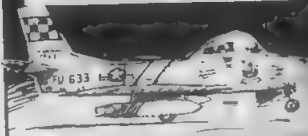


HOT TRIGGERS



"I WAS BORN IN A CROSSFIRE HURRICANE!"

MILHOUS MILTON'S THE NAME- MAJOR MILHOUS MILTON. SINCE LOSING CONTACT WITH AIR COMMAND LAST YEAR, I DISCHARGED THE SQUADRON, USELESS BUNCH OF RUBBER-NECKS THAT THEY WERE, AND RECRUITED SOME OF THE LOCAL FISHERGIRLS INSTEAD. HAH! MUCH MORE GET-UP-AND-GO IN THIS BUNCH- AND A GODDAMN SIGHT BETTER LOOKING TO BOOT!



SO HERE WE ARE ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC, JUST A-WAITIN' FOR ORDERS!

HEY, CHO CHO- GET ME ANOTHER BEER, WILL YA?

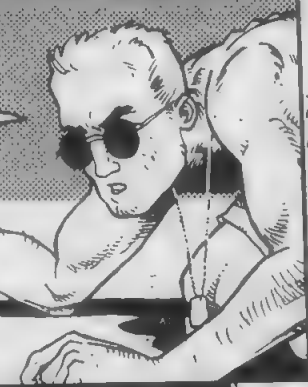
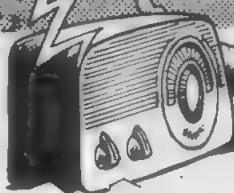
OK BOSS!



Little Richard sang it & Dick Clark brought it to life...

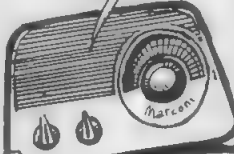
Danny and the Junior-Bzz! crack sput- Shocking News- Bzzz American Naval base at PEARL HARBOR attacked by -zzzz- JAPANESE FLEET...

HOLDON- LISTEN UP, GIRLS!



IT'S GONNA BE HOT TODAY!

CRACKLE
A reported Two THOUSAND U.S. casualties. Eighteen ships sunk, Three hundred AIRCRAFT out of action. President ROOSEVELT said today... Bzz.

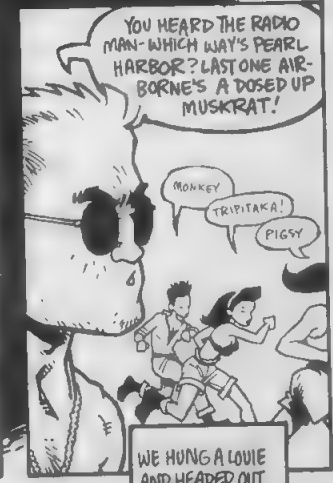


YOU HEARD THE RADIO MAN- WHICH WAY'S PEARL HARBOR? LAST ONE AIRBORNE'S A Dosed UP MUSKRAT!

MONKEY

TRIPITAKA!

PIGgy



WE HUNG A LOUIE AND HEADED OUT OVER THE OCEAN. IF UNCLE SAM WANTED VENGEANCE, THEN MAJOR MILHOUS MILTON WAS THE MAN TO DEAL IT OUT!

SCRAMBLE!

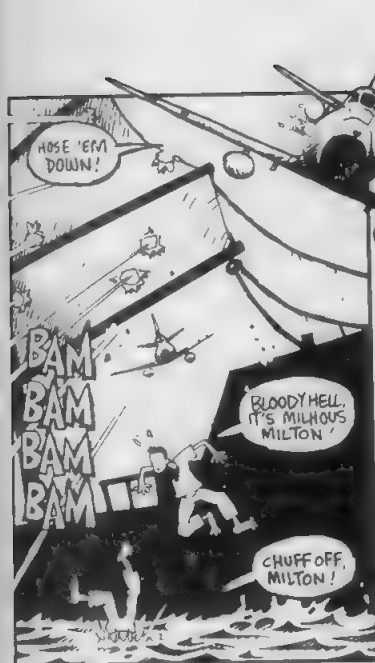




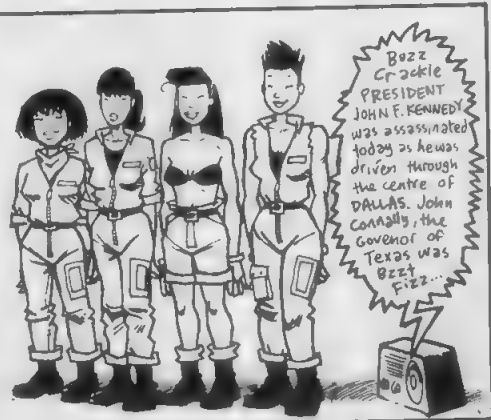
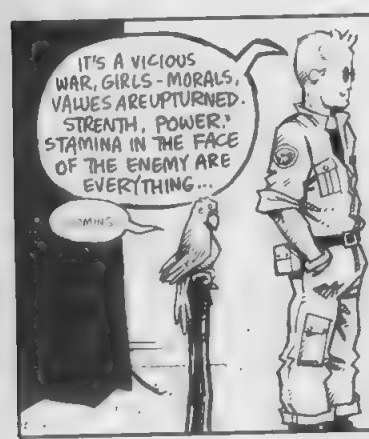
LITTLE HONDA TOOK A DIVE, AS USUAL. SUKI PULLED BACK AND WENT STRAIGHT UP. SUZUKI AND CHOCHO LAUNCH ALL THEIR MISSILES AND FIRE ALL THEIR PELLYGUNS-SHOOT!

IT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN DO TO KEEP OUT OF THEIR LINE OF FIRE. SUCH ENTHUSIASM!!

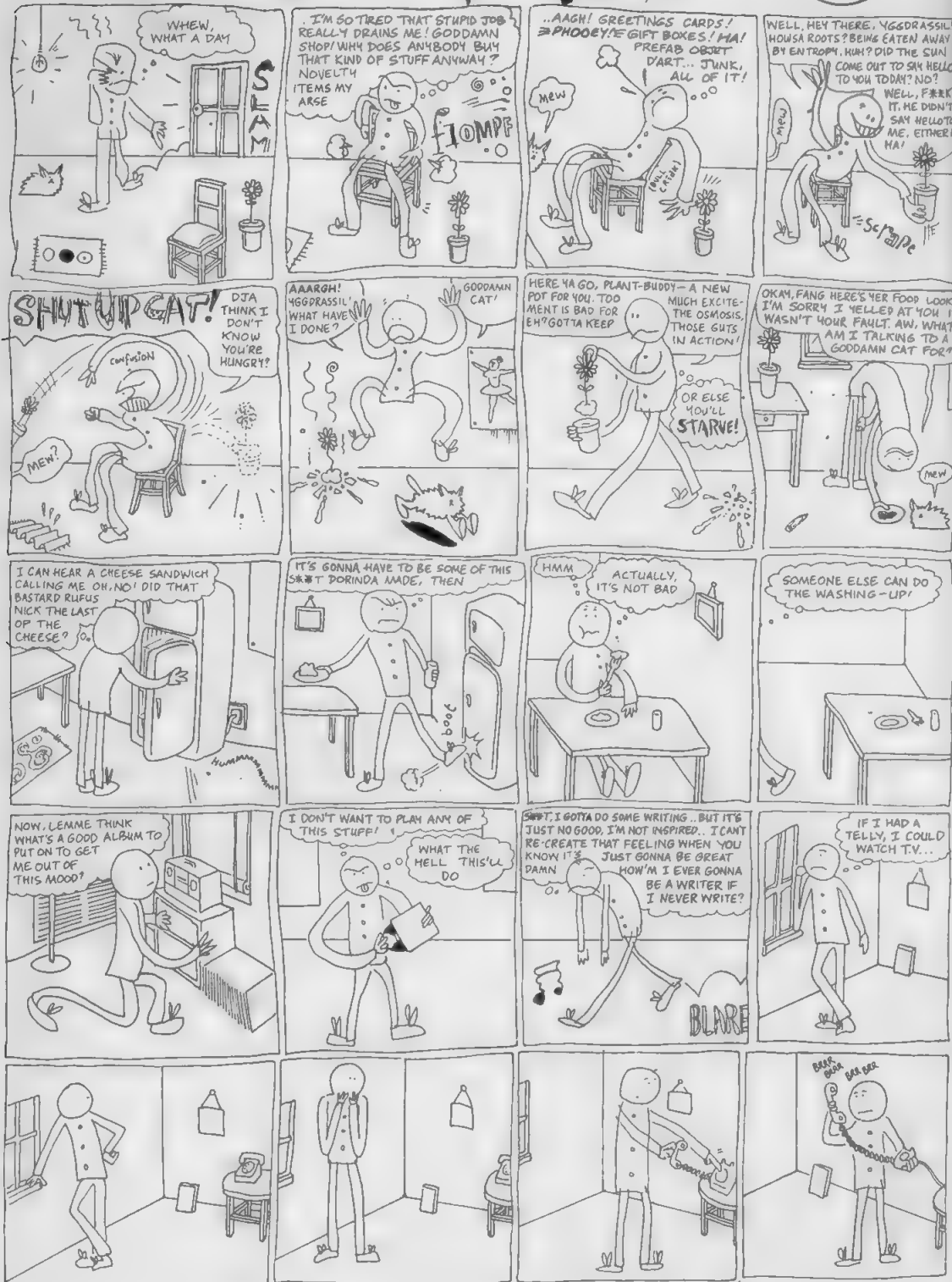




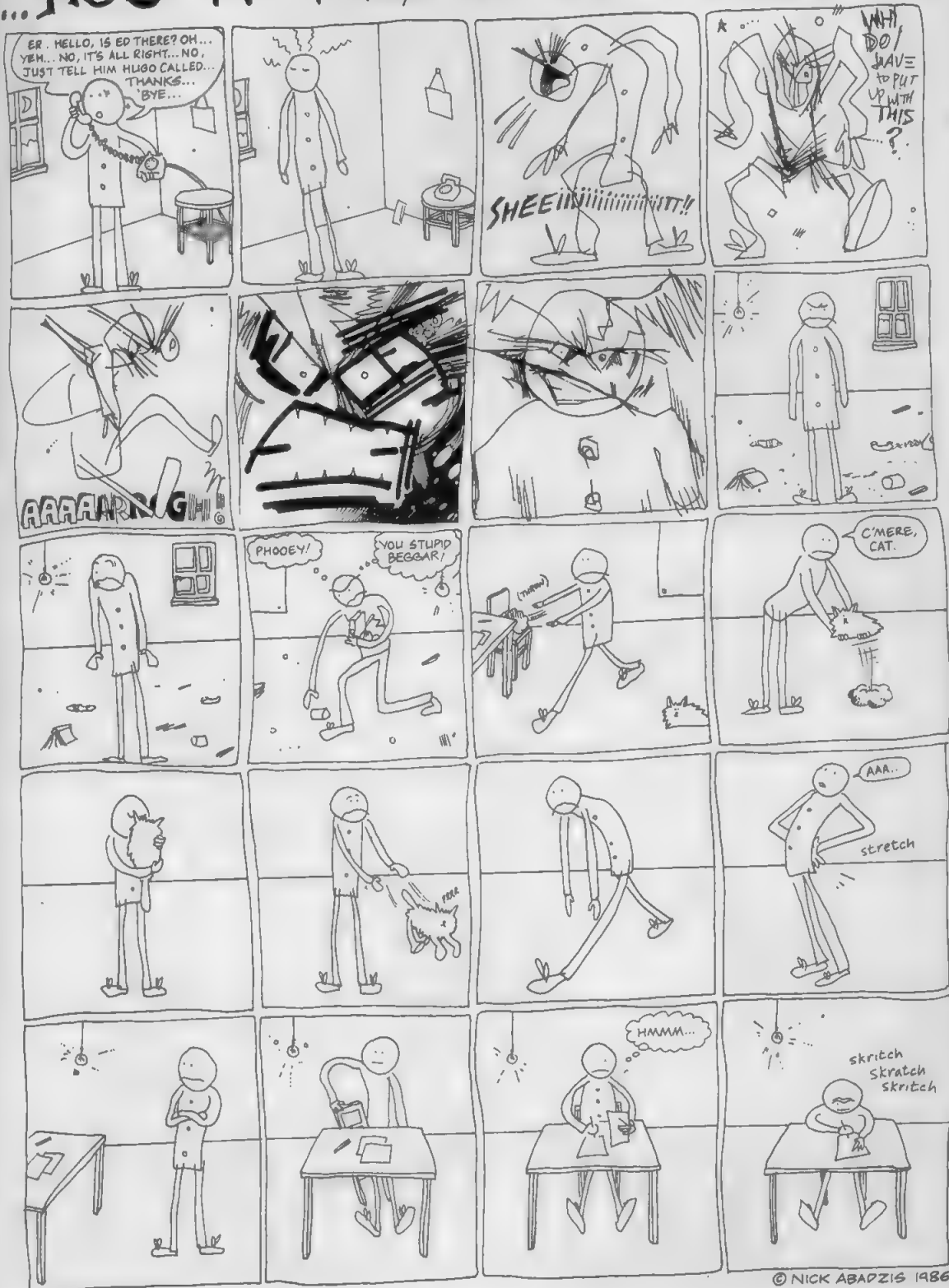
WE HIT HOME TEN MINUTES LATER. I RECKONED A CELEBRATION WAS IN ORDER, MAYBE SOME SORT OF MEDAL CEREMONY TO BOOST MORALE AMONGST THE MEN. I'M SUCH A WARM HEARTED MAJOR!



HUGO TATE



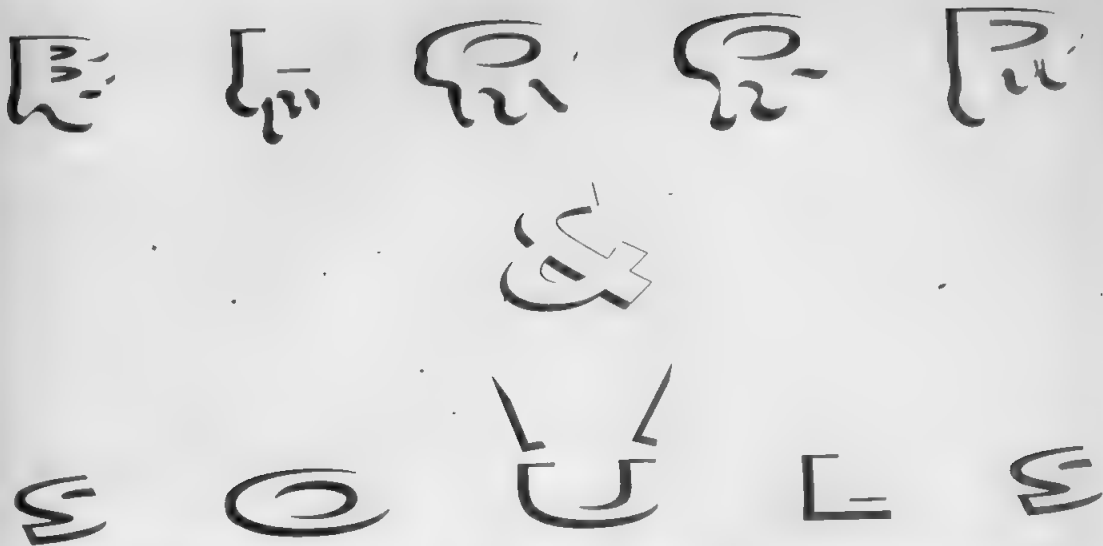
...He's A PILLAR OF HATE!



© NICK ABADZIS 1986.

Dark **H**orse production manager
Chris Chaloner contemplates his
impending demise.





SPLATTER-METAL MONSTERS GWAR CONTINUE THEIR QUEST FOR WORLD DOMINATION. OR: DARK HORSE OFFERS UP PITIFUL TRIBUTE TO GWAR.

by Chris Warner

Photos courtesy of David Wilde and Heather Conrad.

We never had a choice, really. When time came to decide on a musical feature for the first issue of DEADLINE USA, we just had to do GWAR: literally—we had to. Only the promise of this tribute to the Scumdogg of the Universe kept us as card-carrying members of this mortal coil. This tribute, that is, in addition to a more personal offering involving Dark Horse production manager Chris Chalenor. But we're getting ahead of ourselves...

GWAR was first scheduled to roll through town a couple of years ago, and we at Dark Horse were giddy with anticipation prior to their performance at Portland's premier underground club/dive/hellhole, Satyricon. Whispered rumors of GWAR show on video—I was dumbstruck—but had really no idea what was coming down the pike. I'd talked to a few

people who had seen GWAR (and lived to tell the tale), but they were incapable of more than vacant stares and incoherent mumbling, mostly of the "You have to see it to believe it" variety. The following are samples of so-called rock critics' puny attempts to describe GWAR:

- "Taking thrash metal sci-fi excess to its logical conclusion."
- "A unique blend of the Sex Pistols and The Texas Chainsaw Massacre."
- "A bloody and scatological parody of heavy metal music. GWAR comes across as opera for the crack baby generation."
- "Conan on crack meets a dyslexic Ramones."
- "A Kiss-like blend of death, dismemberment and body fluid."
- "Combining Kiss with an entire issue of Gorezone."
- "Kiss in sensurround." (Clever, these critics.)

• "Grotesque bastard children of a Muppet and a Viking."

• "A cross between Stephen King and Jim Henson."

• "A Jim Henson heavy metal band." (Did rock writers all go to the same high school or something?)

• "A Spinal Tap for the 90's."

• "A distended outgrowth of Kiss, Cooper, the Plasmatics, King Kurt, the Beastie Boys, the Butthole Surfers, 2000 A.D., porn, TV, sick humor, David Cronenberg, and

"Kill your parents and send all their money to GWAR."



Flintstones reruns." (Hey, you forgot the Muppets!)

It sounded almost as good as making fun of the Soup Dragons.

Anyway, to the show we went. Satyricon is a smallish club, so the full-blown spectacle that is GWAR was not to be witnessed this day. Regardless, GWAR's performance (or "cannaballetic blood orgy," sayeth GWAR) put to shame all insignificant written or spoken chronicle. Through an electric storm of deafening, merciless thrash swirled a bloody carnival of butchery, torture, decapitation, genital mutilation, and forms of debauchery so foul as to beggar description. It was both glorious and terrible to behold.

Most shocking, however, was the realization that GWAR was not bent on entertainment; rather, their intent was to actually kill all those foolish enough to be duped into attending their "concerts"! Rock and roll is but a GWAR subterfuge, "the most convenient way to slaughter large amounts of young people at once," according to GWAR singer Oderus Urungus. GWAR desires not rock and roll, but blood and souls!

Luckily for the attending Dark Horse personnel, GWAR are amused by comic books, and we therefore barely escaped the wrath of this unholy murder juggernaut. Only through much whimpering and promise of endless tribute were we spared the gory fate that befell those unfortunate enough to have passed through Satyricon's doors that night. But our oath to serve and to help disseminate their brainwashing propaganda was not enough to please GWAR. Further oblation would be required when next GWAR returned: an offering up of Dark Horse flesh! Fearing that GWAR's momentary amusement would turn quickly to avenging bloodlust, we agreed to their abominable terms. But who would we choose? Who would serve as the fatted calf? We quickly determined that since Chris Chalenor, our production manager, had cravenly left the club in a



"There is no human I would spend any more time with than what it takes to either fuck or kill it."

stupor before GWAR's entrance—and since GWAR's demands would consequently be unknown to him—he would be the best possible candidate to slip the surly bonds of Earth. Besides, he's a vegetarian. The irony was not lost on GWAR.

But who the hell are GWAR, anyway? According to disinformation from forces who vainly endeavor to thwart them, GWAR are a group of artists and musicians from Richmond, Virginia who are out to parody the excesses of the heavy metal genre (although "heavy-metal parody" is, by definition, redundant). Some say the name GWAR is an acronym for "God, What a Rocket" or "Grotesque Weird Anal Reprobates." GWAR vehemently deny these allegations. Here's GWAR's version:

Somewhere between one and one hundred billion years ago—estimates vary—The Master of All Reality created the Scumdogs of the Universe, an elite group of warriors especially culled from the lowest dregs of genetically mutated filth. Some of these Scumdogs (later to be known as GWAR) were sent to Earth and immediately began to raise hell. They ate the dinosaurs, fathered the human race by consorting with apes, sank Atlantis, created the Sahara Desert (read about that in the GWAR comics immediately

following this tribute), and so on. Angered by GWAR's rowdy behavior, the Master banished them to Antarctica, where they were entombed in the icy wastes.

Thousands of years later, and fortunately for GWAR, a hole in the ozone was created by the prolific amounts of hairspray used by MTV pretty-boy rockers, and GWAR was free once more. Discovered by ex-Reagan aide Sleazy P. Marini (who's helicopter had fortuitously crashed-landed nearby), GWAR was transformed into an exploitation musical act: for Marini, this meant tremendous sums of money; for GWAR, vast quantities of blood, souls, and crack cocaine (Marini is able to control GWAR in this fashion, not unlike a typical musician/manager relationship.). GWAR has since recorded two albums, the Inaugural Hell-O and the Metal Blade release, Scumdogs of the Universe, produced by Ron Goudle, well known for his work with Christian rockers Stryper. The irony was not lost on GWAR.

GWAR's lineup:

- Oderus Urungus—vocals, "Priminister of the Binister, soothsayer of hatred and defiled declavity." A drunk, a pervert, a junkie, and a sodomizer (true rock and roll credential by any yardstick). Oderus has a brain transplant before each show, which explains some of the foggy

background data.

- **Balsac**—guitar. "The Jaws of Death." Enjoys barbecue. Invented V.D.

- **Beefcake the Mighty**—bass. "299 tons of raw, unadulterated sensitivity." Born on the planet Cholesterol. Ate the dinosaurs.

- **Plattus Maximus**—guitar. "The gentle giant." Gwar's sensitive, quiet side. Attributes his explosive guitar style to a strict diet of vegetarians.

- **Jizmak**—drums. "The Gusher." Balsac's brother. Specialties: beating, smashing, pounding, squashing.

- **Sexecutioner**—Genius. Artist. "An epicurean of hedonist delight, a poet and reclusive devoted to the exquisite task of sexterminating and experimenting all life on this planet."

- **Slymenstra Hymen**—GWAR Woman. Refused fleshy congress with GWAR. Oderus mated with the beast ape, and there you have it.

- **GWAR Slaves**—Pathetic survivors of GWAR shows, must provide for GWAR's every fetid desire. Have much in common with Dark Horse production department.

- **Sleazy P. Martini**—Manager. Former Reagan aide, discovered GWAR. Keeps them at bay with tons of crack cocaine. Host of GWAR game show, "Slaughterama." Impeccably groomed.

As previously mentioned, GWAR has enemies, primarily Techno Destructo, a GWARlike denizen sent by the Master to destroy GWAR; and perhaps most heinous, Edna P. Granbow, a wheelchair-bound matron who leads the Morality Squad, an ultra-conservative organization dedicated to "preserve the moral figure of the youth of the nation." Although Techno Destructo has so far failed to slow GWAR's domination of Earth, Granbow has

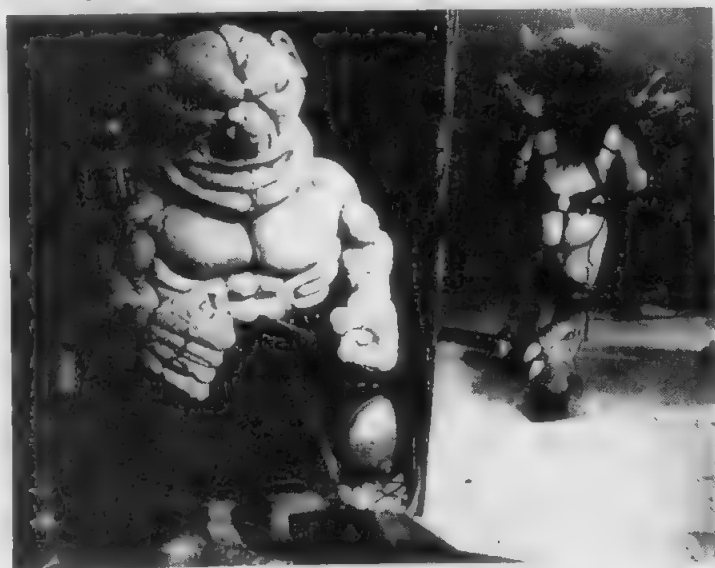
scored several victories in her attempt to squelch GWAR. Several venues cancelled GWAR dates on their Summer 1990 U.K. tour; and on September 18, 1990 in Charlotte, North Carolina, Oderus himself was arrested for disseminating obscenity (mass murder is apparently legal in Charlotte) specifically, "depiction of anal intercourse, masturbation, and excretory functions." Adding insult to injury (or maybe it's the other way around), the police confiscated Oderus' penis! Oderus was compelled to plead guilty to "exhibiting a harmful performance to minors" in order to have his genitalia returned. Mecklenberg County District Judge Richard Boner gave Oderus a suspended sentence and banned GWAR performances in North Carolina for a year. A reflective Oderus commented, "We are disappointed by Judge Dick Boner's stiff decision." (I am not making this up!) Despite these minor annoyances, GWAR's global conquest continues unabated.

Which brings us back to our story. GWAR was to return to Portland, and Dark Horse prepared its offerings. This time, GWAR was playing the Melody Ballroom, a voluminous hall able to encompass the full GWAR extravaganza—as well as a much higher complement of body count.

"It seems every time I try to do something nice, I end up killing everybody."

Anyway, all was ready. We had made arrangements to deliver up Chris Chalenor at a predetermined time during GWAR's show, at which point he would be dragged onstage by several GWAR slaves and...well, all in good time.

We arrived at the hall and were escorted into GWAR's inner sanctum. Knowing that GWAR would likely be in foul temper—always a good guess—we brought comice and animal bones (don't ask) to smooth GWAR's constant rage. The scene backstage was far too vile to describe here, but needless to say, GWAR was in rare form. A problem was developing in our plan, however. Chris suspected that something was up, and that he might be that something. Since he had not seen their show previously, he had no knowledge of GWAR's true nature, so he assumed that he would be the butt of a mere joke. Still wanting to see this "rock concert," Chris—who always wears black—decided to sneak back to his dingy apartment and change into attire that would never be associated with his well-known fashion sense. In such camouflaged garb, he could easily slip unnoticed into the teeming crowd and remain anonymous. Of course, he could not have imagined that by doing so, he was placing the rest of our



lives in jeopardy.

Luckily for us, his girlfriend, Rachelle, ratted him out.

GWAR hit the stage to the blistering strains of "The Salaminizer," and the room soon transformed into a megadecibel charnel house:

My life is a luxury—so filled with hate/I've got 50 slaves heaping maggots on my plate./From my fortress in Antartica/I watch the world die/On my Sony Trina-iron/That's switched to Channel 5./Back on the road—it's no lie/Stupid fucking humans pay money to die./Crushed in the pit/Nailed to the stage/I only suck the souls that are underage.

Fountains of blood, gore, and other bodily fluids showered

appeared, attacking GWAR in a flying wheelchair equipped with huge rotating saw blades! The relentless blitzkrieg of murder-metal was working in frequencies that disrupted human bowels, causing them to defecate spontaneously!

Finally, a huge meat grinder was wheeled to the front of the stage. From behind the amplifiers, several GWAR slaves brought forward a struggling young man wearing a ridiculous ensemble of pink and lime green. It was Chalenor, now fully aware of his fate, and with no possible avenue of escape! The slaves threw him into the maw of the massive utensil, and then began to turn its huge handle. To our astonishment, nothing happened! The grinder had inexplicably malfunctioned! Chalenor lived! GWAR was understandably

gruesome sentence awaiting him. The show moved forward, with audience members ritually slaughtered one-by-one. When Oderus slew a twelve-foot tall Tyranosaurus that had rumbled onstage, devouring several GWAR slaves, the savage carnival at last subsided. The surviving Dark Horse staff quickly retreated, cowering among the bodies and bloody survivors, slinking into the night, hoping against all hope that GWAR would not require further sacrifice.

Several days later, who should walk through the Dark Horse security gate than Chris Chaloner—alive, and still possessing all his appendages! His tale was stupefying: GWAR had kept him prisoner, planning to throw him into the repaired grinder during their Seattle engagement. But when Chris was once again deposited for rendering, the grinder again malfunctioned! GWAR was stunned! Seeing his survival as an omen of sorts, GWAR did what they had never done before—they spared his life! GWAR graciously allowed Chris to return to his mundane existence, with only the pledge that he oversee further Dark Horse GWAR tribute.

Life is indeed strange and wondrous. Chris Chaloner had turned from humiliated sausage fodder into an exalted presence in our midst. His shame had been miraculously transmuted into eternal glorious triumph.

The irony was not lost on GWAR.

For more information on GWAR, subscribe to Mind Control Monthly, the official uncensored word of GWAR. This newsletter is filled with subtle subliminal messages, "forcing you to think constantly about GWAR." Six issues for ten dollars. Send money orders only to:

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801 West Broad St. 2nd Floor

Richmond, VA 23220

the audience as GWAR continued their cycle of decapitation, disembowelment, and death. The audience grew increasingly frenzied as the killing spree broadened. Edna Granbow herself

confused—they are easily confused, anyway—not knowing what to do with the gore-slicked but still living production manager. Chris was quickly hustled offstage, and we could only imagine the

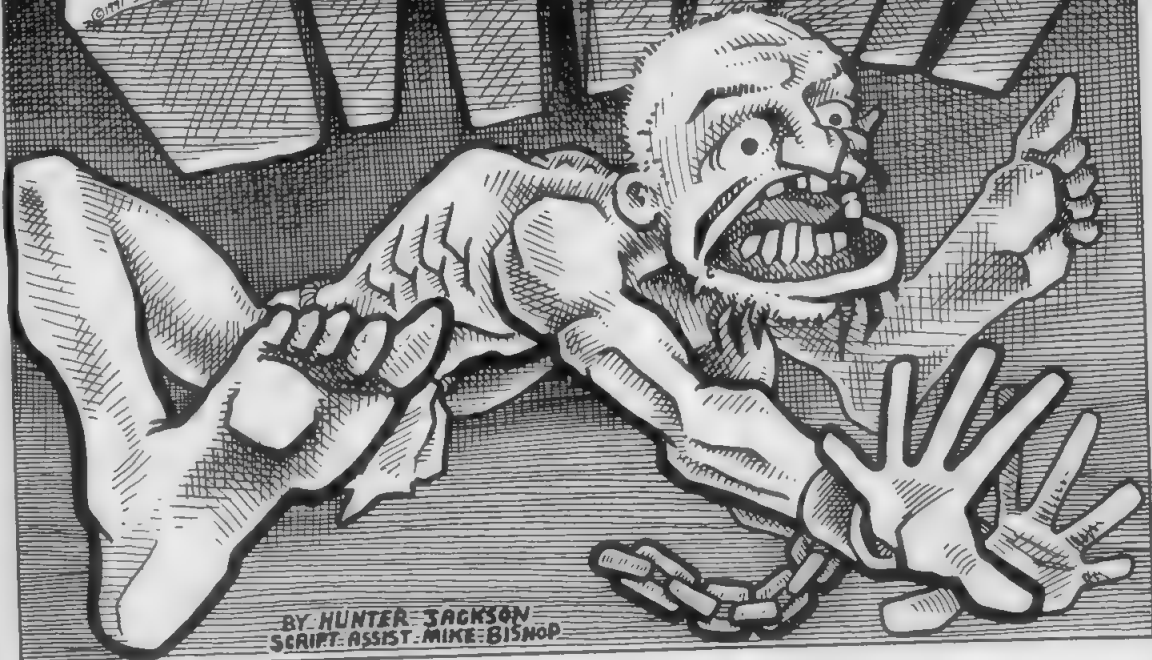


YOU CAN
RUN TO THE
END OF THE
EARTH, SLAVE
THERE IS NO
ESCAPE
FROM...

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA



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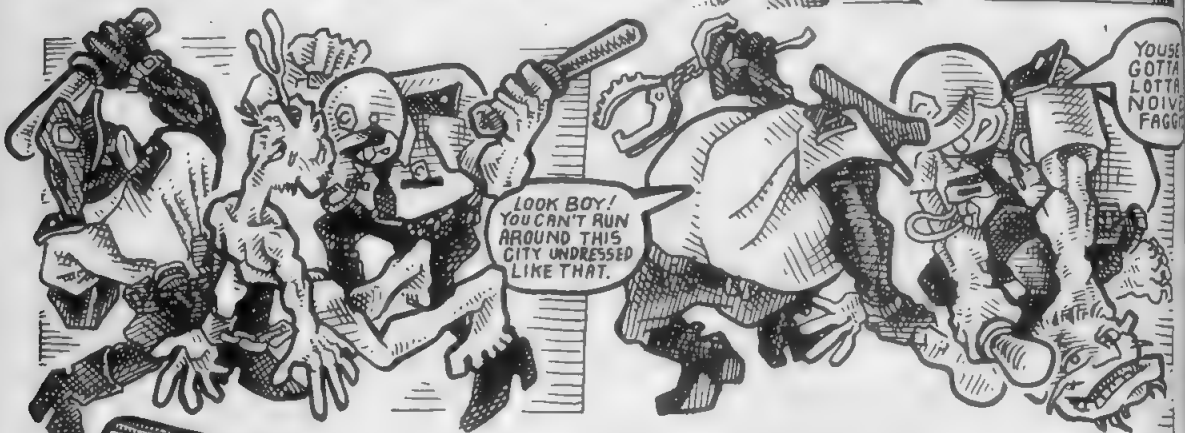
BY HUNTER JACKSON
SCRIPT ASSIST: MIKE BISHOP

NEW YORK, A CITY KNOWN FOR IT'S DEVIANT CRIMINAL POPULATION. BUT EVEN IN THE CITY OF SIN SOME THINGS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

FREEZE PUNK!

WHOA HEY! HEY WHOA.

MMMM...



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE FRUIT CAKE, WE'RE GOIN' DOWNTOWN.



THANK YOU. OH THANK YOU!

I ESCAPED FROM GWAR!

HEY BUDDY, YOU AINT GONNA BE FREE ANYTIME SOON. WHAT THE HELL IS AGWAR? TERRORIST GANG? SATANIC CULT? NAZI SKINHEADS?

YES! THEY ARE PURSUED ON THIS PLANET AS ON ALL OTHERS. THEY ARE THE ONLY TRUE TERRORISTS. THEIR NAME STANDS FOR TIMELESS TERROR!



THEY HAVE SHAPED THE VERY HISTORY OF YOUR PLANET AND HAVE BEEN A THORN IN THE SIDE OF MANY CIVILIZATIONS.

ONCE THEY VISITED THEIR FRIENDS ANUBIS AND RA IN THE TROPICAL PARADISE THAT WAS ONCE EGYPT.

HE'S CRAZY CHIEF! BEEN GOIN' ON LIKE THAT EVER SINCE WE GOT HIM.

OKAY... MR. SLAVE TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS... GWAR.



THE PHARAOH WAS ANGRY HE SAID THEY WERE A DISTRACTION TO THE SHIPS AND KICKED THEM OUT OF EGYPT.

GWAR WAS INSULTED.



THEY BOUND THE PHARAOHS IN SACRED SHIT RAGS.



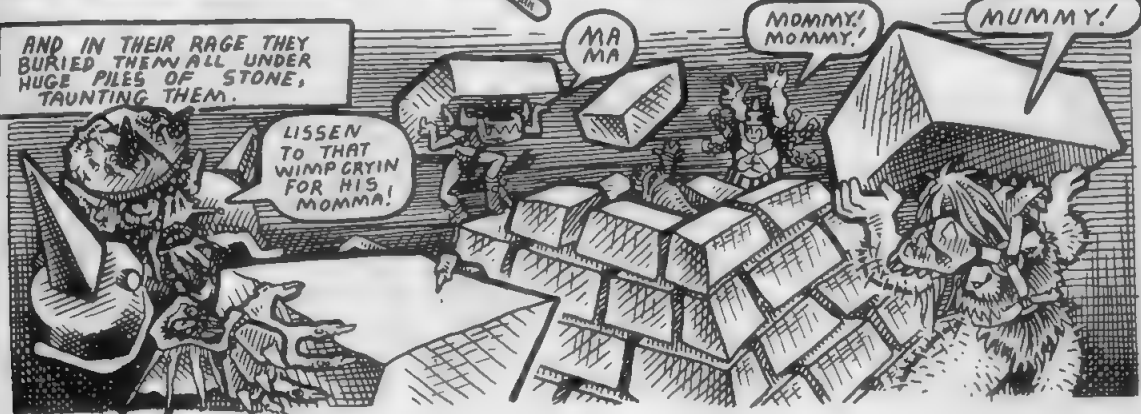
AND IN THEIR RAGE THEY BURIED THEM ALL UNDER HUGE PILES OF STONE, TAUNTING THEM.

LISSEN TO THAT WIMP CRYIN FOR HIS MOMMA!

MA MA

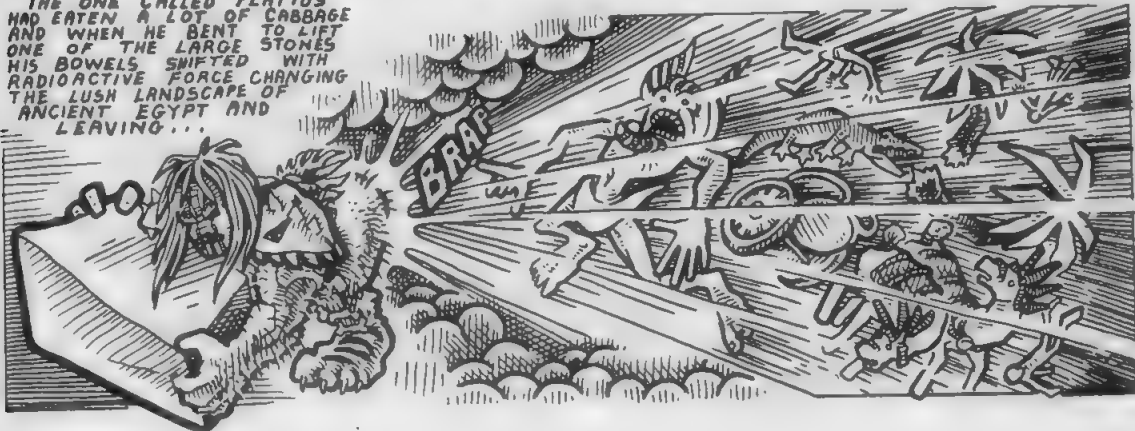
MOMMY! MOMMY!

MUMMY!



THE ONE CALLED FLATTUS HAD EATEN A LOT OF CABBAGE AND WHEN HE BENT TO LIFT ONE OF THE LARGE STONES HIS BOWELS SHIFTED WITH RADIOACTIVE FORCE CHANGING THE LUSH LANDSCAPE OF ANCIENT EGYPT AND LEAVING...

BRAP



THE SAHARA DESERT

YES, MOST OF THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF ANCIENT MAN WERE THE RESULTS OF THEIR RANDOM IMPULSIVENESS.

JUST THE FACTS, LADY GODIVA.

OVER THE CENTURIES THEY SHAPED YOUR WORLD. YET TO THEM IT WAS ALL A GAME.

TWO POINTS!

IN SEARCH OF DIVERSION THEY BUILT A HUGE CROQUET COURT AT STONEHENGE.

AND THE NEANDERTHALS BECAME EXTINCT IN THE SEASON FINALS.

ONCE, THEY WERE BUILDING A SUMMER COTTAGE IN THE MED, BUT GOT CONFUSED, LOST IN THEIR OWN OVERAMBITIOUS PLAN.

IN EARTH'S FIRST SPECTATOR SPORT, KING MINOS THE CRETAN MADE A QUICK BUCK EXPLOITING GNAR.

SEE ACTUAL VIRGINS AND YOUNG BOYS TORN APART BY MY MINOTAURS!

LISTEN. MY NAME IS

JOHNNY NEMO

MY JOB IS SOLVING RIDDLES.

RIDDLES COME IN MANY SHAPES AND SIZES, BUT I'VE FOUND THAT IF YOU HIT THEM HARD ENOUGH THEY ALL BLEED EVENTUALLY. SOMETIMES THEY BLEED THE TRUTH. SOMETIMES THEY JUST BLEED OVER YOUR JACKET, SO YOU HIT THEM AGAIN AND CHARGE FOR THE LAUNDRY BILL.

I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, SEE, AND I LIVE IN NEW LONDON. NEW LONDON'S DANGEROUS, DECADENT, AND DISGUSTINGLY VIOLENT. BUT THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT.

IT SUITS MY PERSONALITY.

THE
GOOD
THE
BAD
AND THE
NEMO



I'M HAVING MY WEEKLY BLOOD TRANSFUSION OF HIGH-ALCOHOL RESISTANT PLASMA, WHEN **KALINA**, MY ROBOTIC SECRETARY, BREEZES INTO THE OFFICE.

YOU'VE GOT A CLIENT, JOHNNY. SHE SAYS IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

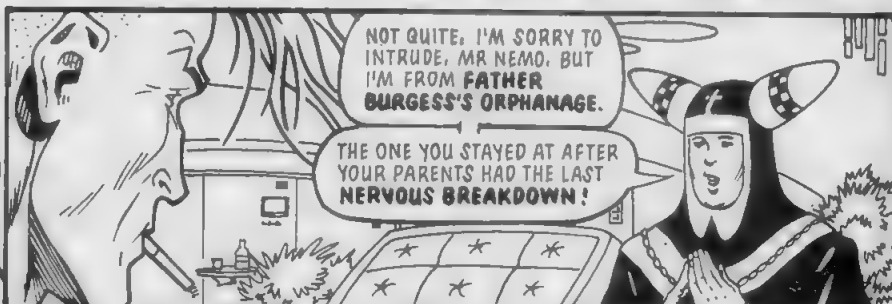
YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE, KALINA. IF SHE'S **RICH**, SEND HER IN. IF SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL**, TAKE HER NUMBER.

IF SHE'S **NEITHER**, THROW HER TO THE CROCODILES.



SHE'S NEITHER, JOHNNY. BUT SHE'S NOT YOUR **NORMAL** TYPE OF CLIENT.

SO WHAT IS SHE? AN **ORANG-UTAN**?



NOT QUITE, I'M SORRY TO INTRUDE, MR NEMO. BUT I'M FROM **FATHER BURGESS'S ORPHANAGE**.

THE ONE YOU STAYED AT AFTER YOUR PARENTS HAD THE LAST **NERVOUS BREAKDOWN**!



RIGHT NOW I NEEDED A NUN LIKE A STOMACH ULCER NEEDS METHYLATED SPIRITS. AS SHE MOVED CLOSER I WAITED FOR THAT FAMILIAR **SMELL** THEY ALL WORE LIKE A **MUSKY HALO**...

WHAT'S WRONG, MR NEMO? CAN YOU **SMELL** SOMETHING?



NO. NOT A THING. MAYBE YOU SISTERS ARE USING A DIFFERENT **DEODORANT** THESE DAYS!



TO COME TO THE POINT, MR NEMO. **FATHER BURGESS NEEDS YOU**. OUR ORPHANAGE IS BEING **THREATENED**.

SO SAY A **PRAYER**, SISTER. MY DIARY'S FULL - AND I DON'T TAKE **MICKEY MOUSE CASES**...



THE NUN SEEMED TO TAKE THIS RATHER BADLY.



HMMM. CANCEL MY APPOINTMENTS, **KALINA**.

I'M GOING TO SEE A **PRIEST**.

I POINT LOLA, MY ROLLS-ROYCE SKIMMER, DOWN TIER TO THE ORPHANAGE. IT WASN'T EVERY DAY I HAD A NUN IN MY OFFICE, AND I COULDN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME ONE OF THEM EXPLODED.

...CALL ME PARANOID, BUT I HAD THE FEELING SOMETHING **STRANGE** WAS GOING ON

THAT'S THE FIFTH THIS WEEK, JOHNNY. EXPLODING NUNS. PREPOSTEROUS.

SOME GODLESS SWINE IS OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO DESTROY THE GOOD WORK WE DO FOR THESE UNDERPRIVILEGED WAIFS.

NOT NOW, MUSGRAVE. I'M BUSY.



YOU'VE TAKEN PRECAUTIONS?

ALL THE NUNS HAVE HAD MEDICALS. THE FOOD IS CHECKED ON ARRIVAL. AS IS THE NEW WARDROBE OF HABITS. NO SIGN OF EXPLOSIVES. YET STILL THE BOMBARDMENT PERSISTS.



THE ONLY INVESTIGATOR WHO COULD CHARGE A BENEVOLENT ORPHANAGE FOR A JOB LIKE THIS WAS THE LOW, MORALLY BANKRUPT, COLD-HEARTED PIG VARIETY.

SO I WAS IN LUCK.

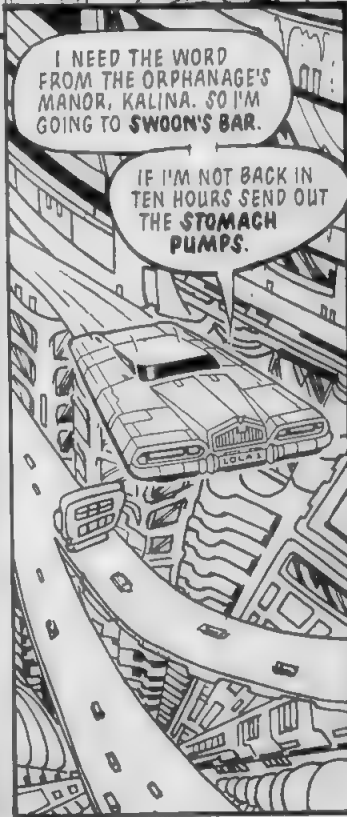
MY FEES AND CONDITIONS ARE IN THIS CONTRACT.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.



I NEED THE WORD FROM THE ORPHANAGE'S MANOR, KALINA. SO I'M GOING TO SWOON'S BAR.

IF I'M NOT BACK IN TEN HOURS SEND OUT THE STOMACH PUMPS.



YOU TAKE MY POINT, JOHNNY.

HMMM. NUMBER SIX

YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, FATHER.

AS WELL AS BEING AS TRUST-
WORTHY AS A HERNIA AND
HAVING A FACE THAT LOOKS
LIKE IT'S INSIDE OUT. 'EARS'
SWOON IS AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA
OF ALL THAT IS GROOKED AND
DOGGY.

NASTY, MY SON. I MEAN I
LIKE VIOLENCE AS MUCH AS
THE NEXT BLOKE, BUT THIS
NUN MALARKEY IS WELL
EVIL.

IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S
THE WORK OF A **NUTTER**.



THERE'S A NEW GEEZER
RUNNING THAT PATCH NOW.
NAME OF **MADMAN MCKANN**.
THEY SAY HE'S **CRAZIER**
THAN A **SCOTTISH**
BALLERINA.

MAYBE HE FINKS AN
ORPHANAGE IS GIVING
HIS MANOR A BAD REP



CHEERS, EARS.
I'LL PAY HIM A
LITTLE VISIT.



ER, ONE MORE THING, EARS

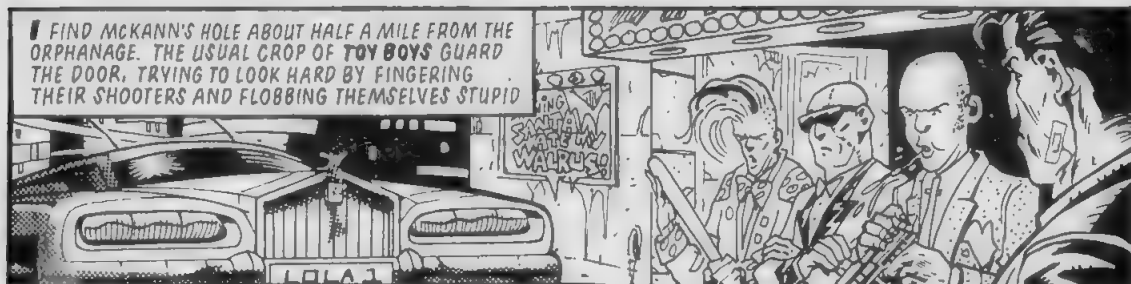
WHAT IS SO CRAZY ABOUT A
SCOTTISH BALLERINA?

AIN'T GOT THE FOGGIEST, JOHNNY

BUT IT SOUNDS BLEEDING
AMBIDEXTRIOUS, DUNNIT?

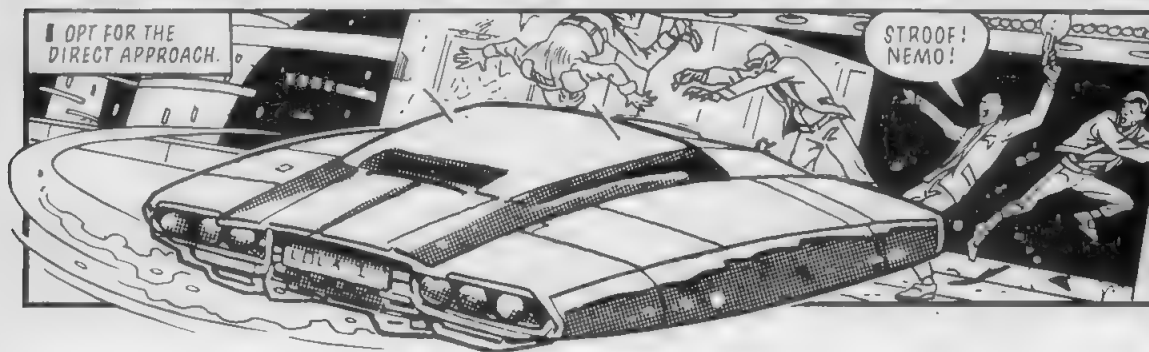


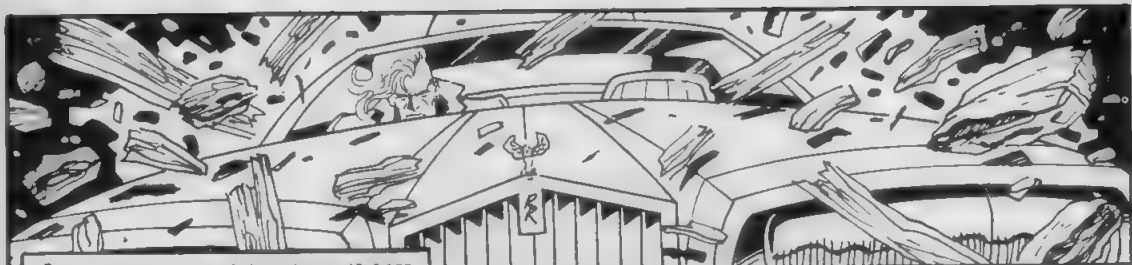
FIND MCKANN'S HOLE ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM THE
ORPHANAGE. THE USUAL CROP OF **TOY BOYS** GUARD
THE DOOR, TRYING TO LOOK HARD BY FINGERING
THEIR SHOOTERS AND FLOBBING THEMSELVES STUPID



OPT FOR THE
DIRECT APPROACH.

STROOF!
NEMO!





SOON ENOUGH I'M INSIDE MCKANN'S GAFF, WHICH HAS ALL THE OLDE WORLD CHARM OF A BLOCKED LAVATORY

I'M GOING FOR MCKANN. GIVE ME COVER, LOLA - BUT TAKE IT EASY. I DON'T WANT THE WHOLE BUILDING ON MY HEAD.



ANYTHING YOU SAY, JOHNNY.



I DON'T THINK YOU QUITE GRASP THE MEANING OF THE TERM 'GIVE ME COVER', LOLA.

I THINK YOU CONFUSE IT WITH 'DESTROY EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.'

SORRY, JOHNNY, BUT I **AM** A PURE **ROLLS ROYCE** SKIMMER. I'M A THOROUGHbred, AND THEREFORE HIGHLY STRUNG AND EXCITABLE...

I SHUT LOLA UP WITH A SWIFT BOOT TO THE CHASSIS. ANYONE WOULD THINK THE STUCK-UP CRATE HAD BEEN HAND-BUILT BY EVELYN WAUGH...

YOU MCKANN?

Y-YESS... WHAT... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO BE LOVED, PUSSBRAIN.

BOPP!



I'LL SKIP HOW I TRY TO MAKE MCKANN ADMIT HE'S BEHIND THE EXPLODING NUNS. IT GETS TOO MESSY AND I DON'T KNOW ALL THE CORRECT ANATOMICAL TERMS. ANYWAY, IT ENDS UP ON A ROOF.

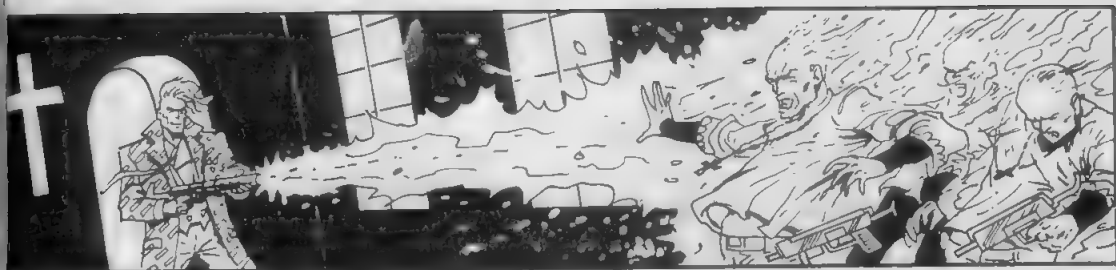
IT SO OFTEN DOES.

IN TEN SECONDS THIS ROPE WILL BREAK. MADMAN. YOU'D BETTER COME UP WITH SOMETHING BEFORE THEN.

OH GOD...
PULL ME UP...
I... I DON'T
KNOW
ANYTHING...

ONE... TWO
... THREE...







THE ANSWER WAS **MOTH BALLS**.

ALL RIGHT, MUSGRAVE. I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO COME ALONG QUIETLY.

AND THEN WHATEVER YOU DO, I'M GOING TO **DAMAGE** YOU ANYWAY.

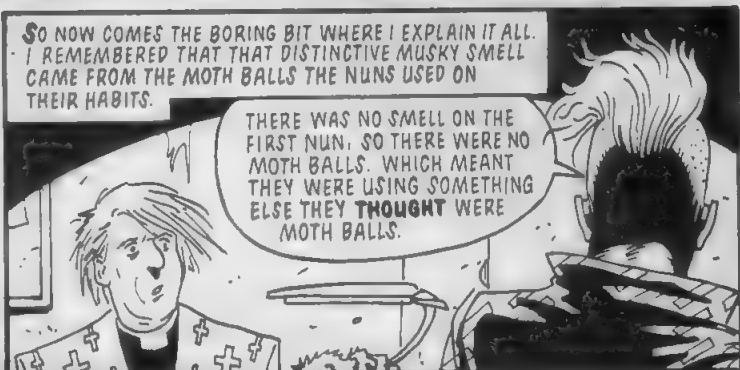


STONE THE CROWS.



SO NOW COMES THE BORING BIT WHERE I EXPLAIN IT ALL. I REMEMBERED THAT THAT DISTINCTIVE MUSKY SMELL CAME FROM THE **MOTH BALLS** THE NUNS USED ON THEIR HABITS.

THERE WAS NO SMELL ON THE FIRST NUN, SO THERE WERE NO **MOTH BALLS**. WHICH MEANT THEY WERE USING SOMETHING ELSE THEY **THOUGHT** WERE **MOTH BALLS**.



ACTUALLY, A SMALL DEVICE THAT SLOWLY EMITS AN **EXPLOSIVE GAS**. WHEN MIXED WITH FRESH AIR, IT EVENTUALLY **EXPLODES**.

BUT WHY? WHY MUSGRAVE? WHY SHOULD A CLEANER WANT TO KILL NUNS?



YOU COULD SAY HE WAS **HABITUALLY INSANE**. HE WANTED TO BE A NUN. HE ASKED YOU ABOUT IT, BUT YOU **LAUGHED** AT HIM. HE THOUGHT THAT IF WOMEN COULD BE PRIESTS, MEN COULD BE NUNS...

AND HE FIGURED THAT IF ALL YOUR NUNS WERE GONE YOU'D HAVE TO **SCRAPE THE BARREL**, AND LET HIM BE ONE.



DON'T ASK ME ABOUT THE PSYCHOLOGY. MAYBE IT WAS TOILET TRAINING. MAYBE HE WAS THE REINCARNATION OF MOTHER TERESA. IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

WELL, JOHNNY. YOU'VE SAVED THE ORPHANAGE! A FEW MORE **EXPLODING NUNS** AND WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO CLOSE DOWN.

I'M VERY PLEASED, FATHER. I'LL HAVE MY MONEY NOW. AND I ONLY ACCEPT CASH.



OF COURSE, I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT MCKANN'S GANG AND PRAYSLEY'S CHOIRBOYS. BUT THEY HADN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME. THEY WANTED REVENGE.



THEY NEVER LEARN.



BY THE TIME THE DUST SETTLED THAT WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT. DUST.

JOH...
JOHNNY...MY
ORPHANAGE.
I-IT'S
DESTROYED!

BAD LUCK,
FATHER. BUT
DON'T WORRY.
I'M A DECENT
SORT.

YOU CAN PAY
ME BY CHEQUE.
TOMORROW.



AND I WON'T EVEN
CHARGE YOU FOR MY
LAUNDRY BILL.



THE
END.

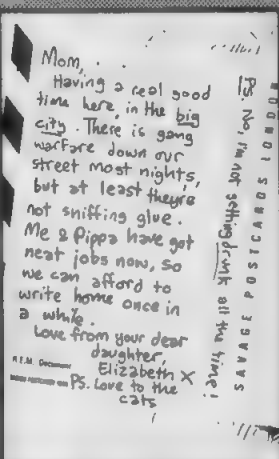


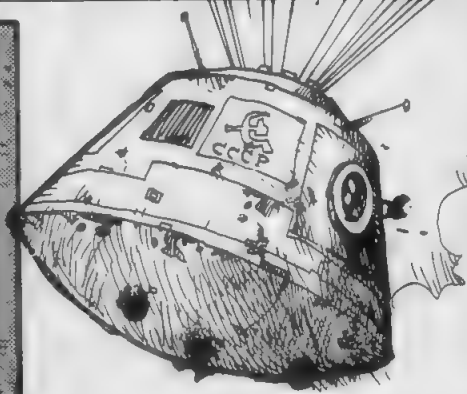
WIRED WORLD

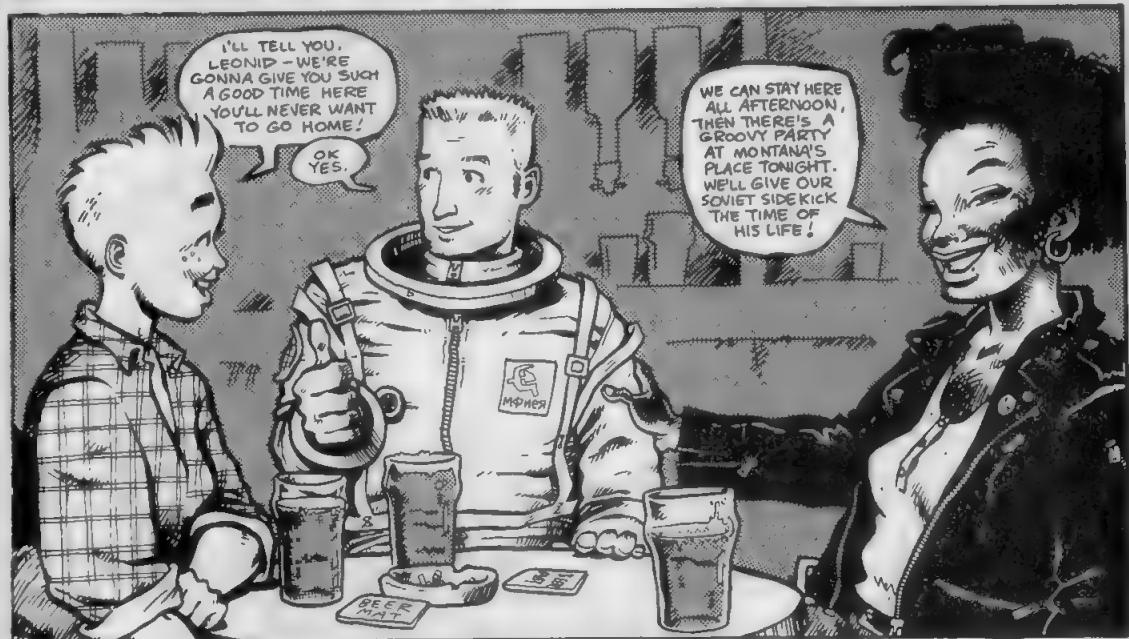


HI, FOLKS, I GOT AN EARLY LUNCH FROM WORK AT THE OLD RECORD SHOP, SO I'M GOING TO GIVE PIPPA A SURPRISE IN THE BOOKSHOP HERE.

COME ON IN!

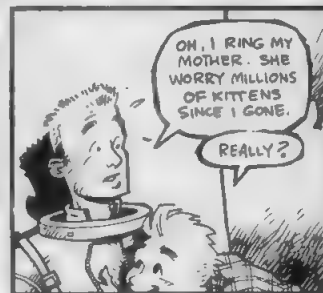
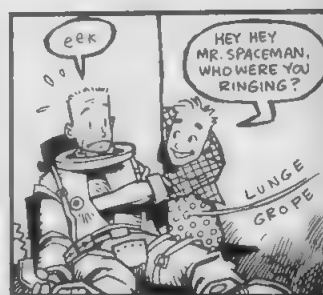
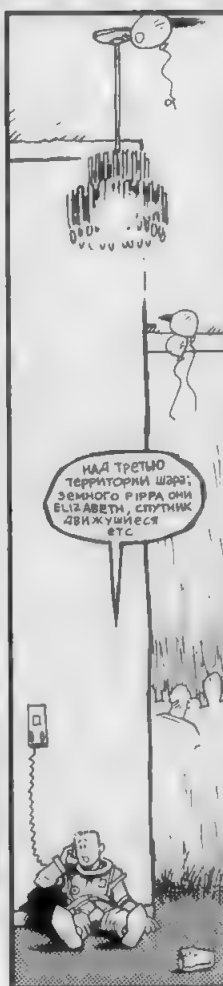






GET THIS DOWN YOUR NECK !







WIRED TRANSLATION: * "GEORGI! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?" ** "BOY! THESE BRITISH GIRLS SURE KNOW HOW TO PARTY!"



What's in a

© JULIE HOLLINGS 1988

YAWN! GROAN...
WHERE AM I?



OH, I REMEMBER!
WHAT A NIGHT!!



GOOD MORNING
...ER... ERM...
UM ... ER...



AAAARGH!
I CAN'T REMEMBER
HIS NAME!!



I MEAN... IS HE
A NEVILLE?



OR A BRAD?



OR EVEN A LIONEL?



I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND HIS FLAT...
THAT MIGHT HELP...



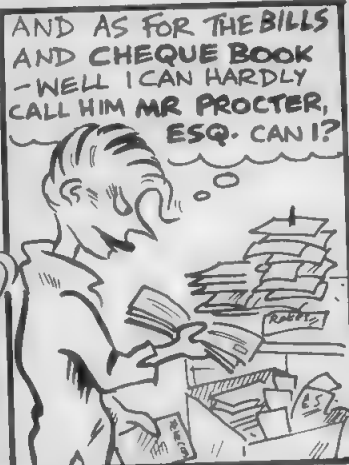
SOME PEOPLE HAVE
T-SHIRTS WITH THEIR
NAME ON...



MMM! HE SHOULD
BE SO LUCKY!!



name?



TALES OF THE R-NUETV

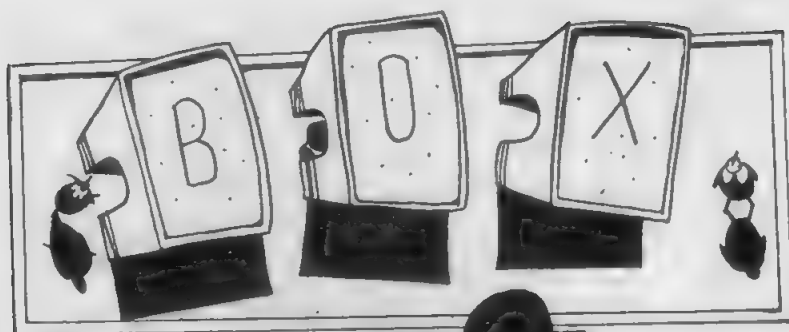


NIGHT CANVASSING
CAN BE A FUNNY
OLD GAME- SOME
PEOPLE ARE EASY
CONVERTS-
OTHERS REQUIRE
A LITTLE
PERSUASION-

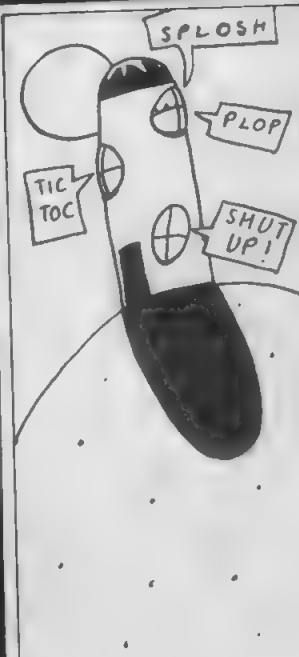
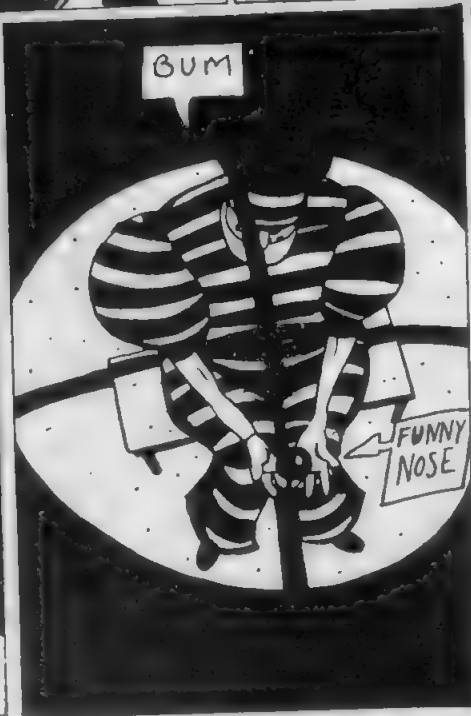


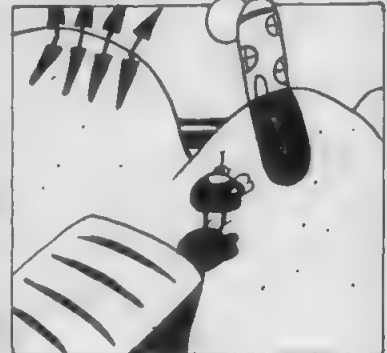
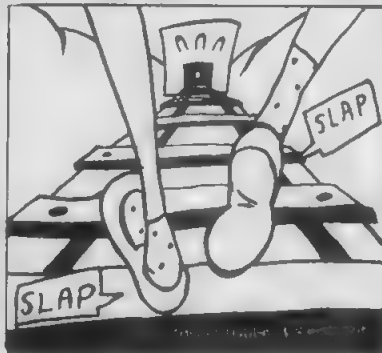
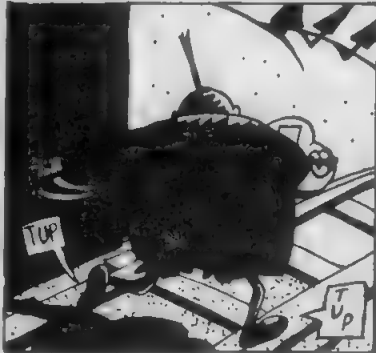
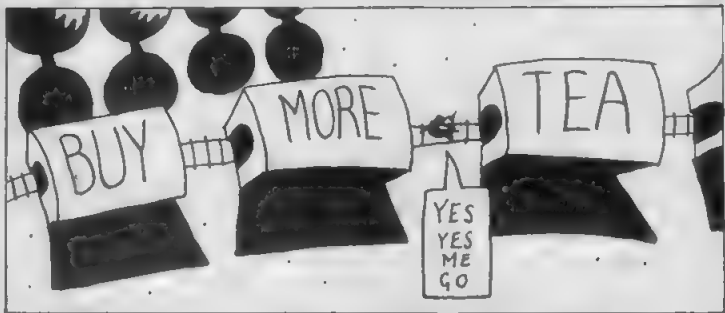
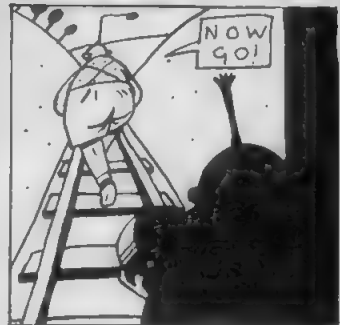
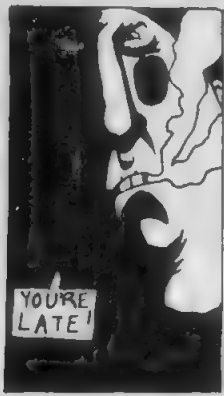
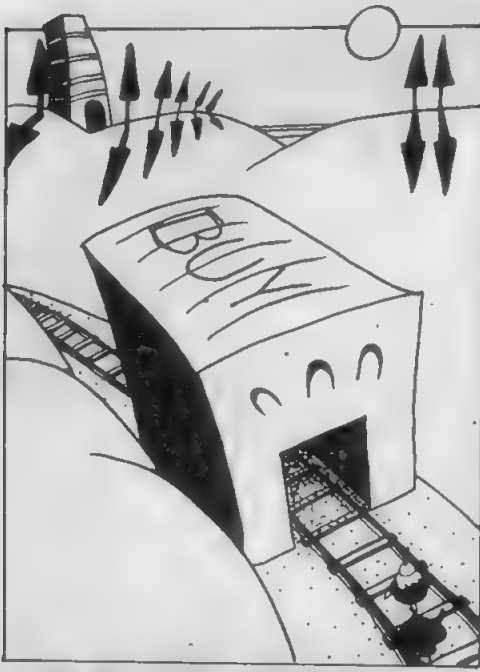


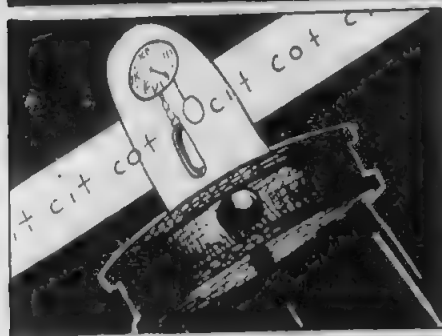
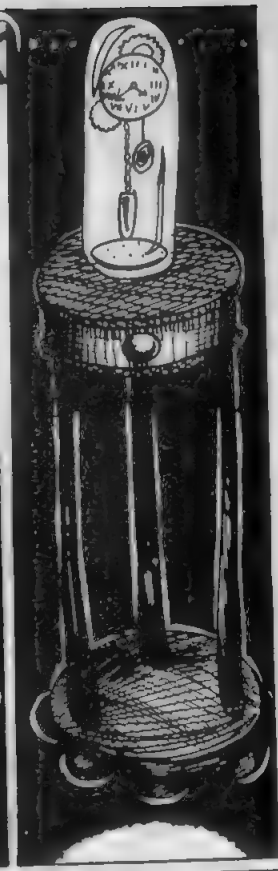




CITY









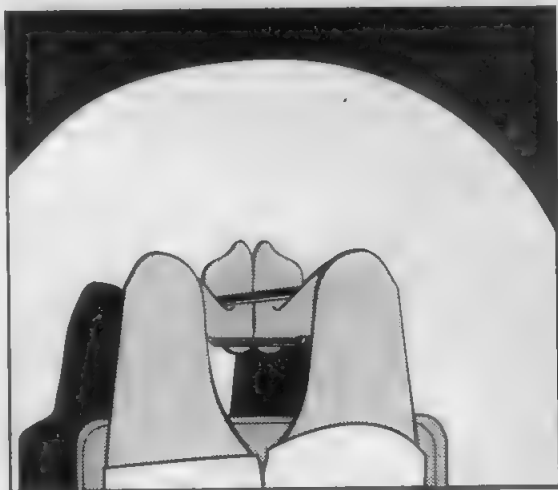
I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE FOR DAYS. WHAT DO THEY WANT ?
WHAT POSSIBLE REASON IS THERE TO HOLD ME ?



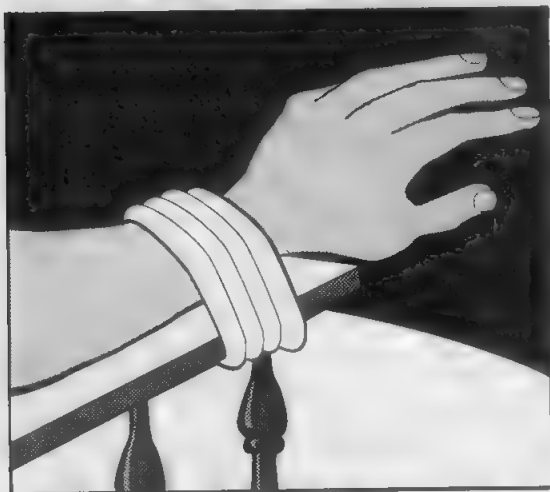
THEY SAY NOTHING ! THEY GIVE ME NO CLUE AS TO
THEIR MOTIVATIONS. WHAT DID I DO ?



I CAN'T SEE THEIR FACES, BUT I KNOW THEY ARE THERE.
THEY'LL LIVE TO REGRET THIS !



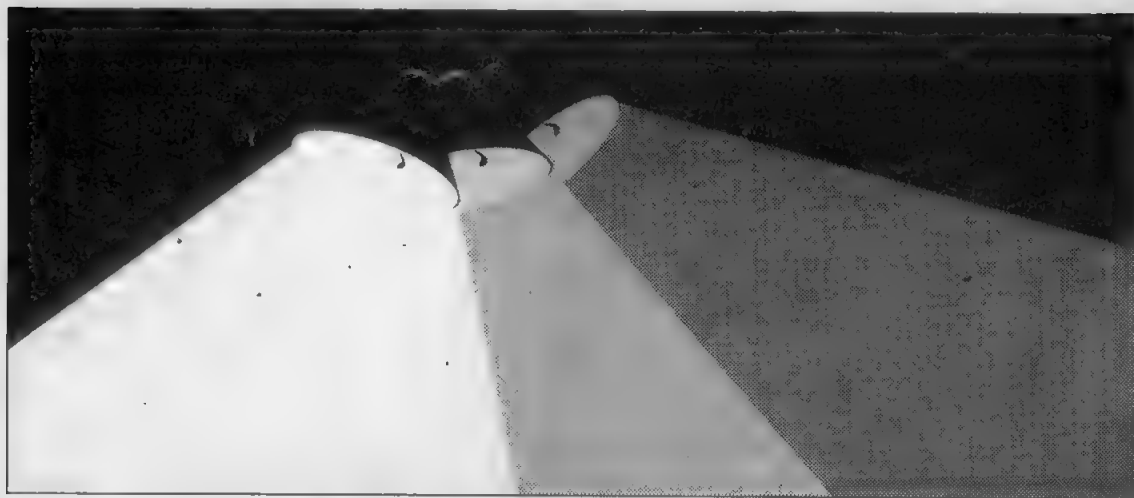
THE ROPES DIG INTO MY WRISTS AND ANKLES, BUT I'LL
SOON USE THESE ROPES TO STRANGLE MY CAPTORS !



THE CHAIR ARM IS YIELDING TO MY PRESSURE. IT WILL
SOON GIVE AND IT WILL HELP ME OBTAIN MY FREEDOM !



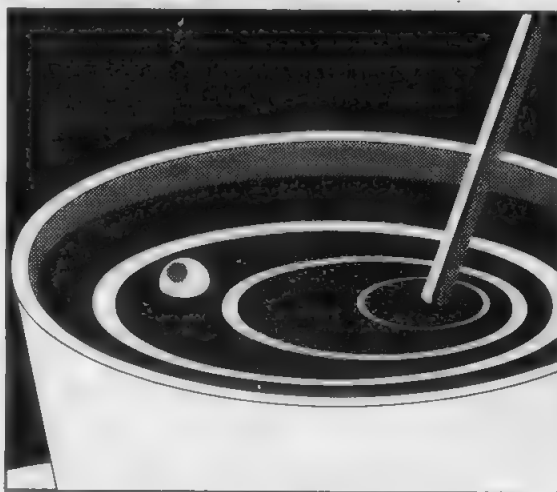
DEATH WILL COME CRAWLING FROM MY EMPTY STOMACH
BEFORE I GIVE IN TO THESE DEMONS !



THE LIGHT BEGINS TO SWAY. IS THIS ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR DIABOLICAL TORTURES ?
THE ROOM EXPANDS UNDER THIS MOVEMENT OF LIGHT AND NEW SIGHTS FILL MY SENSES.



TO MY RIGHT THE SPLASH OF LIGHT MOMENTARILY SHOWS
A BUCKET AND A MOP. WHAT CAN THEY BE HERE FOR ?



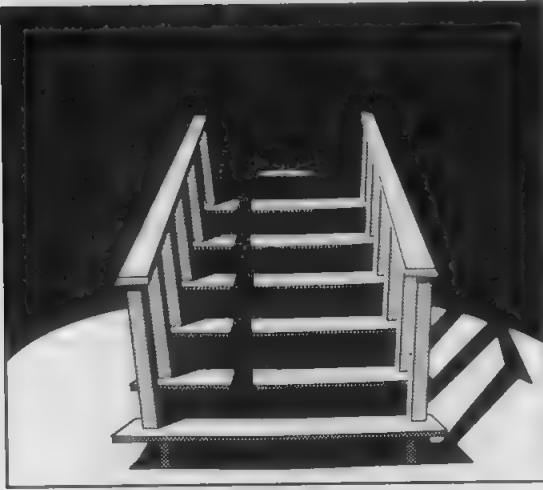
THE LIQUID HAS A STRANGE SHEEN. WHAT DOES
THE BUCKET CONTAIN ?



TO MY LEFT IS A CONCRETE WALL. BUT THE WALL
AND THE FLOOR ARE SPLATTERED WITH . . . WHAT ?



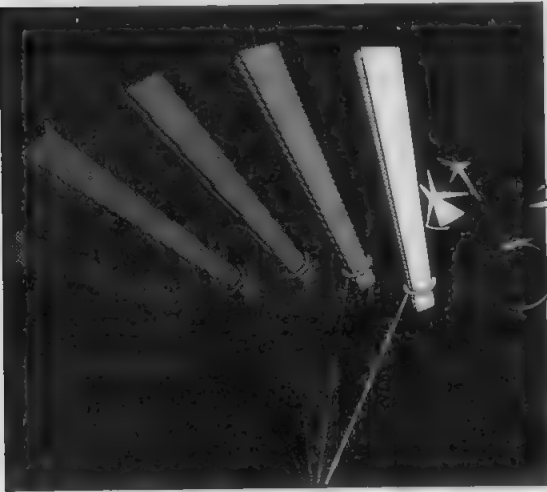
MY EMPTY STOMACH LURCHES AT THE THOUGHT OF
WHAT OTHERS HAVE SUFFERED IN THIS PLACE !



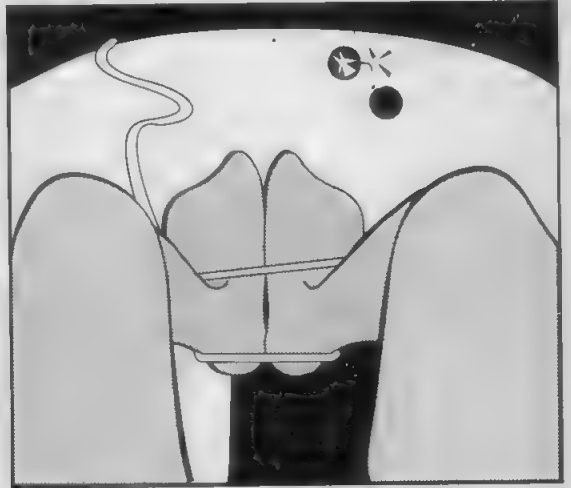
IN FRONT OF ME A STAIRWAY IS ILLUMINED.
FREEDOM ! IF ONLY I CAN REACH IT.



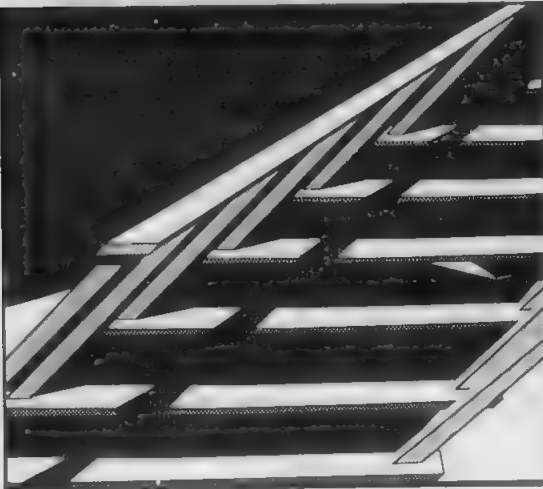
THE CHAIR ARM GIVES WAY TO MY PRESSURE !



I SWING THE CHAIR ARM IN A WIDE SWATH,
WRECKING HAVOC ON MY CAPTORS !



I HEAR THEIR PAIN AS I FREE MYSELF
FROM THEIR RESTRAINTS.



LEAPING TO THE STAIR, I TAKE THE STEPS
TWO AT A TIME. RACING TOWARD FREEDOM !



THE DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIR YIELDS.
IT OPENS !



WATCH FOR MORE
ADVENTURES OF . . .

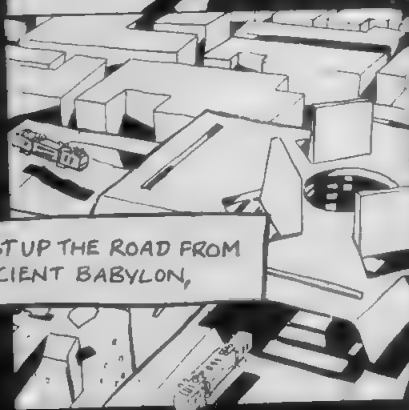
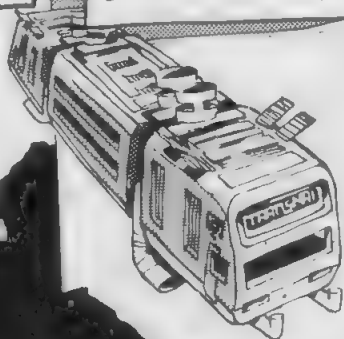
YOUNG KAFKA



WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY BRIAN IVERSON

FROM CAIRO TO KARACHI
FROM ADIS ABABA TO AL BAB
SPANS THE UNITED STATES OF
EASTERN ARABIA, THE RICHEST
AND MOST POWERFUL NATION
ON EARTH.

LAST STOP ON THE TRAN-SINAI
EXPRESS FROM ZAGAZIG,



JUST UP THE ROAD FROM
ANCIENT BABYLON,

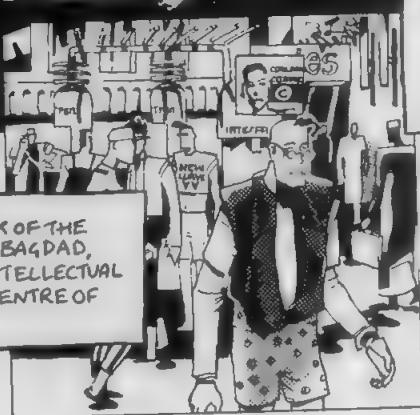


IS THE GREAT METROPOLIS
OF THE EAST. BAGHDAD

HERE, ON THE WEST BANK,
IS THE FINANCIAL CENTRE OF
THE WORLD. IN BAGHDAD
BUSINESS IS BIG BUSINESS
AND BUSINESS IS BIG.

LOOK PLEASE YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND

ON THE EAST BANK OF THE
RIVER TIGRIS IS BAGHDAD,
THE CULTURAL, INTELLECTUAL
AND SPIRITUAL CENTRE OF
THE WORLD.





FOR DEREK WILKINSON-SELM BIG
BUSINESS HAD PROVED TOO BIG.



YOU WENT TOO
FAR THIS TIME, YOU
LITTLE PONCE





EXCUSE ME,
SORRY TO BUTT IN
BUT IS SOMETHING
AMISS?

PEOPLE USED TO CALL POLICE
PEOPLE POLICE PEOPLE. TODAY,
IN BAGHDAD, POLICE PEOPLE
ARE NOT CALLED POLICE PEOPLE
THEY ARE CALLED —
"TENSION REMOVERS"

WELL NO, NOT REALLY

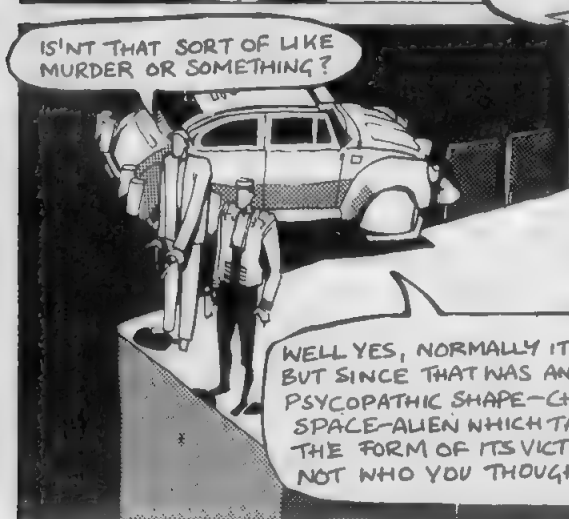
I'VE JUST BEEN CHEATED
OUT OF A PROMOTION BY
AN UPWARDLY MOBILE
LITTLE GIT AND I'M
MERELY ADMINISTERING
JUSTICE!

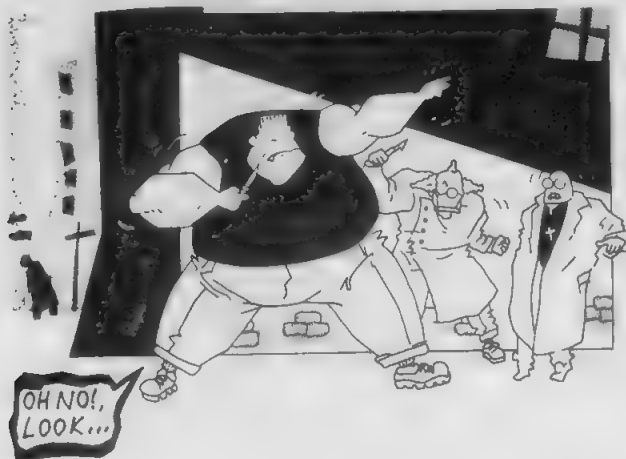
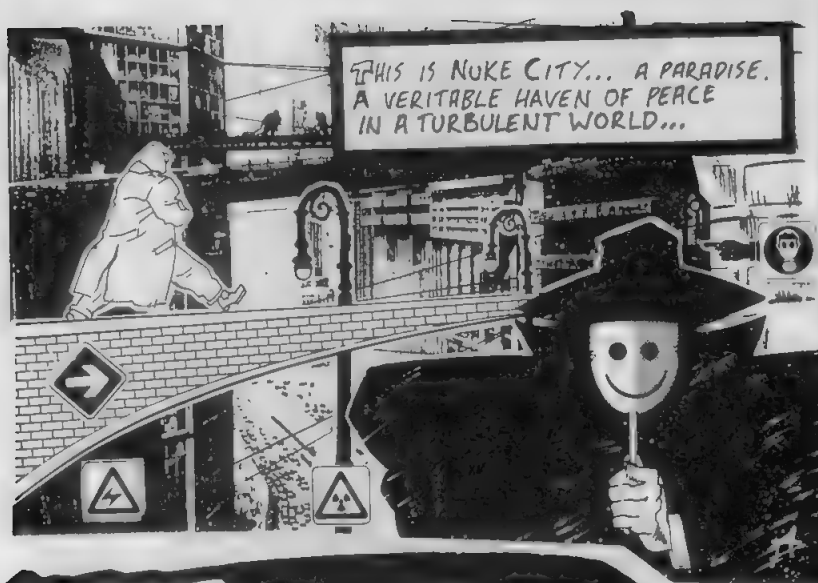
I DECIDED ON A TWO
STAGE OPERATION ...

AND HOW WHERE
YOU PROPOSING TO
DO THAT?

THE FIRST OF WHICH IS
MORE OR LESS COMPLETE;
AMBUSHING, COERCION etc

THE SECOND INVOLVED
SHOOTING AT HIM.





...IT'S

STORY <
▶ HAPPENING BOY

ART N STUFF <
▶ ROB MORAN

LOVE, INSPIRATION,
AN' WOBBLY BITS <
▶ AILEEN ♥

ATOMIC BABY

ALRIGHT YOU
MAMMARY GLANDS,
SAY YOUR PRAYERS,
YOU'RE ABOUT TO
TASTE ATOMIC
JUSTICE!!!

FUNKY
ETHNIC
HAIR DO

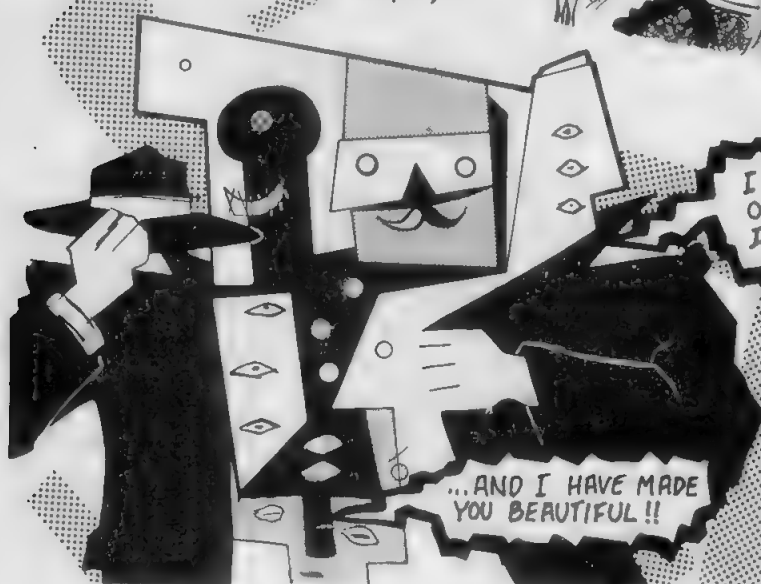
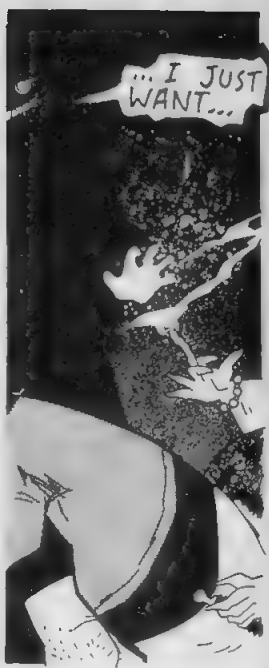
WE SURRENDER!...

SURRENDER!!
...SH*T!

EAT
NUCLEAR
SPONDOOLIKS
ARSEHOLES!!

AHH!... I LOVE THE
SMELL OF THERMO-
NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION
IN THE MORNING...





I AM THE MASTER MIXER OF THE MOLECULAR MATRIX... I AM...AHSO PICASSO!!

NEXT: THE ART CRITIC'S REVENGE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS 'THE ARTY FARTIES!!

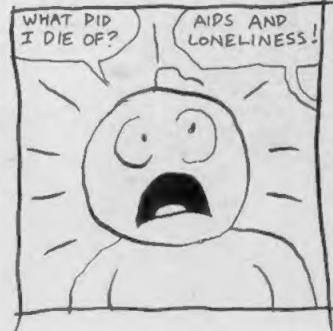
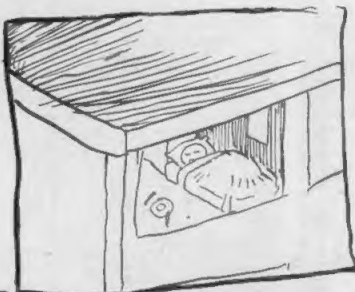
© ROB MORAN '89

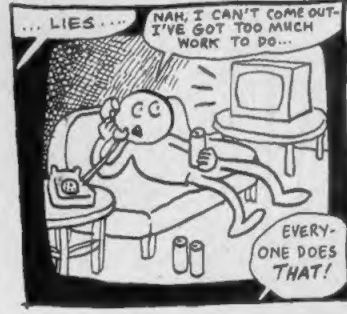
HUGO TATE

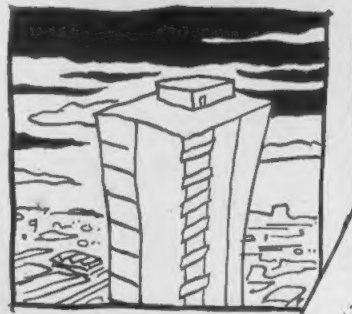
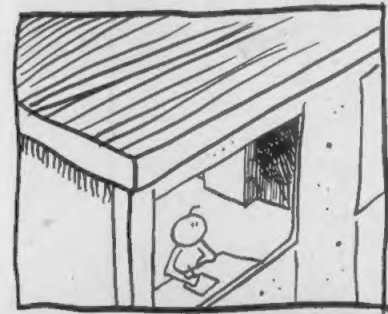
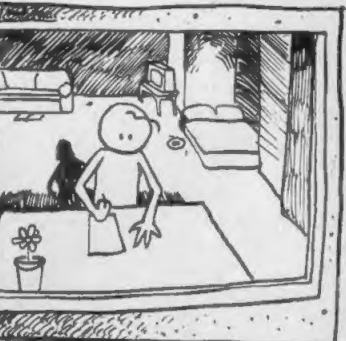
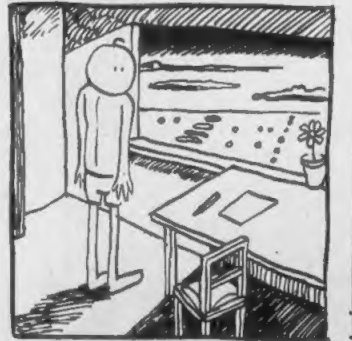
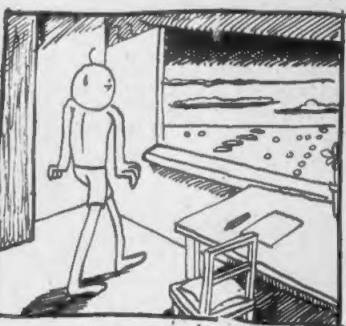
DESCENT INTO
THE INFERNO

I DON'T
WANT TO
FEEL LIKE
THIS. I
CAN'T
HELP IT.

A hand-drawn sketch of a city at night. The sky is dark with a crescent moon. In the foreground, there are several buildings. On the left, a large building with a gabled roof and many windows. To its right, a smaller building with a chimney. On the right side, a tall, multi-story building with many windows. The background shows more buildings and a dark, hilly landscape. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with cross-hatching for shading.







ABAZIS.

Dear Edie,
 Hello, it's your chickenshit
 I'm writing this as dawn breaks
 the twilight turning bluer right
 it... yeah, another semi-sleep
 bad dreams... this one was par
 duty. The usual stuff... I to
 get my ore into gear. Still.
 For all that it matters, I sa
 two nights ago. She looked okay, and
 about you. I gave her the ur
 sort of blank. She's s.
 drained, these d-
 Ok.

Flogging a Dead Horse

Remember when you could look forward to your favorite serialized story in **Dark Horse Presents** being spun-off into its own title? **Concrete**, **Trekker**, **Homicide**, **Race of Scorpions**, and even **Roachmill** made the leap from the pages of **DHP** to their own series or specials. Think those good old days are gone forever? Think again!

This past year we've taken giant steps forward in the range and quality of material featured in **DHP**—stories like **Frank Miller's Sin City**, **Matt Wagner's The Aerialist**, and **Stephen Cstoras** and **Stefano Gaudiano's Harlequin**, have all struck significant chords with their readers. And while we'll still showcase the occasional licensed feature—like **Aliens** or **Predator**—**Dark Horse** remains committed to being the number one publisher of creator-owned comics. We're also committed to keeping our readers on their toes. For that reason, you can expect a number of exciting new series to spring from the fertile pages of your favorite anthology over the course of the next year.

Which exciting new series? Well, in no particular order: **Eddie Campbell's** erudite and inebriated **Bacchus** has already taken the plunge into his own miniseries, **Deadface: Doing the Islands With Bacchus** (issue #3 of which is on sale this month); writer **John Arcudi** and artists **Tony Atkins** and **Paul Guinan** are teaming for an **Aliens** story that will introduce the upcoming four-issue series **Aliens: Genocide**, by **Arcudi** and artists **Damon Willis** and **Karl Story**; **Anina Bennett** and **Paul Guinan's** beautiful, brainy, and dangerous

Heartbreakers (who recently concluded a three-issue run in **DHP**) will be rocketing your way next spring in their own limited series; after the current "Violent Marv" story runs its course, **Frank Miller** has plans for a number of stand-alone stories set in the corrupt metropolis of **Sin City**, and, finally, a guy by the name of **John Byrne** is introducing the world to a group of youngsters known as **The Next Men** who'll be starring in their own monthly color series!



Now, with all of these new series spinning out of the pages of **Dark Horse Presents**, you might think there'd be no room left for other features. Well, you *might* think that, but you'd be wrong. In upcoming issues of **DHP** you'll be getting monthly doses of humor from **Rick Geary**; new **Homicide** stories by **John Arcudi** and **Gray Morrow**—plus **The Creep**, a **Homicide** spin-off from **Arcudi** and **Dale Eaglesham**; the star-spanning misadventures of **Earth Boys**, by **Cliff Biggers**, **Brett Brooks**, and **Dave Johnson** (making the universe unsafe for just about everyone!); the continuing sagas of **The Aerialist** by **Matt Wagner** and **Sin City** by **Frank Miller**, and even an appearance by our most famous charter member, **Paul Chadwick's Concrete**!

I could go on, but modesty (and lack of space) prevents me. I'll just end things with a word to the wise: miss an issue of **Dark Horse Presents** at your own peril!

—Randy Stradley

CHECKLIST

- ☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 3**
Dark Horse Presents #54
Venus Wars #6
Terminator Secondary Objective #3
- ☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 10**
Cheval Noir #22
Deadface #3
Race of Scorpions II #3
Predator Cold War #1
- ☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 17**
Billi 99 #1
Badlands #3
- ☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 24**
Almuric #1
Outlanders #33
Deadline #1
Indiana Jones #4
The Mask #2